

Shakespeariana

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA.

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE."

JUDGING from all past experience, a visit from the cholera scourge is only a question of time.

If through adverse storms a delay occurs in an attack from an invading army, every hour should be utilized by taking such measures as will aid in repulsing the enemy.

Aided by favorable winds, we have gained an extension of time before the great plague makes its onslaught. In every kitchen there is one thing which should have attention from this time on. One source of disease which should attract the attention of every physician, every nurse, and every man and woman who cares for the preservation of health, is the dish-cloth. A foul dish-cloth has wrapped up in it the germs of more kinds of malignant diseases than *all* other things in a household. A foul dish-cloth is a perfect *hot-bed* that breeds cholera, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, diphtheria, etc. A dish-cloth which a housekeeper would be ashamed to bring into her parlor to show to visitors *is not fit for use, and should be burned as soon as this article is read*; I, for one, would not be willing to eat food prepared in utensils wiped with it or to eat from plates on which it had been used. It is customary for housekeepers to apologize for a dirty, foul-smelling dish-cloth by throwing the blame on their hired help. This is doing a great injustice.

When a girl starts to wash dishes she is supposed to have a clean dish-rag, a clean dish-pan, clean hands, clean water, a piece of soap, and a lot of soiled dishes; if the soap does its work properly, then, at the end of the operation, the dishes should be clean,

and her hands, her dish-pan, and her dish-rag should be clean; *the dirt should be in the water*, just as when a woman is done scrubbing a dirty floor *the dirt should be in the water*, and a clean house-cloth and a clean scrubbing-brush should be the result, provided that the soap which she uses has been made from pure, sweet materials. A girl cannot scrub properly with a miserable apology for a scrubbing-brush; neither can she keep her dish-cloth sweet *unless her mistress furnishes her with soap which will do this*, for it is an undoubted fact that when a dish-rag gets offensive, or a sponge or a wash-rag loses its sweet, clean appearance and smell, *it is on account of the soap which is used*. It is an unfortunate delusion on the part of the general public that "any kind of fat will answer for making soap." This is a decided error; it is just as important that the dishes from which we eat should be washed from soap made from pure, sweet, clean materials, as it is important that the butter which we eat should be made from pure, sweet, clean cream.

Housekeepers usually attempt to overcome this result of the soap they use making the dish-rag filthy by scalding or boiling the dish-rag, but this is only a make-shift—use a soap which is made from pure materials, and your dish-cloth will then not need either scalding or boiling, and once a week have the dish-rag brought in the parlor, and if not sweet, change the soap you are using, and keep this practice up until you come across soap that will keep the dish-rag clean and sweet.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."—ANT. & CLEO.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

NO. II.

BACON'S STUDIES OF THE HISTORY OF THE WINDS REFLECTED IN THE PLAY OF THE TEMPEST.

It has been shown in a previous paper* how the Fairies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are seen to impersonate some of Bacon's early studies on the winds, the light breezes, and "the spirits of things" in nature. Those Fairies were the "children of an idle brain"—considering whose brain it was. Troubles, which were but as a summer cloud in comparison to the storms which broke over his later life, had lately passed away when that most rare vision was dreamed. The pert and nimble spirit of mirth was again wide awake, Francis Bacon's pretty *Device*† had been lately performed before the Queen; his mind was full of thoughts such as pervade that little courtly piece, when in the glades and river scenes of Twickenham the poet, as we believe, on some hot summer's night wrote his fairy story.

Things had changed when he set his pen to write *Macbeth*. "There's nothing either good or ill but thinking makes it so." The world and its joys had grown dark to Francis Bacon, and the very elements, the powers of nature, turned wild and gloomy in the distracted globe of his great mind. The winds were no longer "frivolous," "dancing," "piping," and "whistling" to each other, "gamboling with golden locks," "playing with the sedges"—they are now the powerful and portentous ministers of Fate as well as Nature, their realm is full of hurly-burly, fog, and filthy air; their nature demoniacal and witch-like. The beneficent merry spirits of Fairyland become transformed into the evil geniuses and hell-hags, whose mission is to confound unity, to lead men on to their de-

struction, to tumble all nature together even till destruction sickens.

Limited space forbids any attempt to show in this place the marvelous way in which the studies of the poet-philosopher, on *The Doctrine of the Human Body*, on the *Influence of Mind upon Body*, on metaphysics and witchcraft (his legal and recent personal experiences coming in here), are interwoven in the play of *Macbeth*. It must suffice to say that although, as Professor Spalding truly remarks, Banquo's description of the witches‡ is an accurate poetical counterpart to the prose descriptions given by contemporary writers of the appearance of the poor creatures who were charged with witchcraft,§ there are yet some points which distinguish the witches of *Macbeth* from any other beings of the kind with whom literature acquaints us.

They seem to be conceptions of the poet's brain, created by a subtle fusion or blending of his lawyer's experience of witches, "inhabitants of the earth," with his scientific and metaphysical views and conceits as to the properties and "versions" of air, breath, and water; of his notions concerning the "transmissions of spiritual species," of "the operations of sympathy in things that have been contiguous." Bacon's witches, inhabitants rather of the air and clouds than of the earth, partake (by sympathy with the elements to which they are "contiguous") of the virtues and characteristics of air, vapors, and exhalations. It was a recognized characteristic of witches that they ride through the air and vanish; but the more poetical idea of their "version" at pleasure with their nat-

* SHAKESPEARIANA, April, 1884.

† *Macbeth* I, iii, 46.

‡ *The Masque of the Indian Boy.*

§ *Scott's Discoverie*; Book I, 3, p. 7; *Harsnet Declarations*, p. 136.

ural elements is, we believe, only to be found in *Macbeth*. In the few descriptive words of Macbeth * and Banquo the scientific doctrine of the convertible nature of water, air, and vapor is clearly seen, and with it the poetical idea that by sympathy the witches can turn themselves into either form, "spirits" they are, "pneumatic bodies, which partake both of an oily and watery substance, and which, on being converted into a pneumatical substance, constitute a body composed, as it were, of air and flame, and combining the mysterious properties of both. Now, these bodies," continues Bacon, "are of the nature of breaths."

The witches vanish, and Banquo exclaims:

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?"

Macbeth replies:

"Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind."

The witches in scenes i and ii appear to be incarnations of air in violent agitation or motion; strong winds accompanied by thunder and lightning, such as Bacon describes. In scene iii two witches, spirits of air, offer to help a third witch with the gift of "a wind." "Thou art kind," answers the third, for she is busied in raising tempests after the approved manner of witches, and an extra wind or so is not unacceptable.

In the same scene the weird sisters describe themselves as

"Porters of the sea and land,"

just as, in his *History of Winds*, Bacon speaks of "clouds that drive fast," "winds traders in vapors," "winds that are itinerant." As, too, Macbeth compares the witches to *breaths*, so Lady Macbeth describes how, when she tried to question them, "they made themselves air, into which they vanished." There is something strikingly weird, supernatural, and poetic in this line, drawn, surely, "from the very centre of the sciences."

One more instance may be given of the way in which Bacon's minute and painstaking studies of nature are shadowed in the poetical descriptions of the witches. He says:

"We should not be surprised at the winds having so great a force, since winds are like * * * great waves of the air. They may blow down trees, * * * they may likewise overturn edifices that are weakly built, but the more solid structures they cannot destroy unless accompanied by earthquakes. Sometimes they hurl down avalanches from the mountains, so as almost to bury the plains beneath them; sometimes they cause great inundations of water."

"Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germens tumble all together
Even till destruction sicken, answer me." †

The meetings of the witches in every case derive their picturesqueness and color from Bacon's notes "on the meetings of the winds together, which, if the winds be strong, produce violent whirlwinds," and it is interesting to find that the hints for the "sound of battle in the air," which give the keynote of the first scene, and which is also introduced as a portent in *Julius Caesar*, is taken by the poet from Virgil. Perhaps even the idea of the meeting of the four witches, "the rushing together of the four winds," may have been suggested by the passages which Bacon quotes:

"We should not altogether neglect the testimony of Virgil, seeing he was by no means ignorant of Natural Philosophy; at once the winds rush forth, the East, and South, and Southwest laden with storms;" ‡

and again:

"I have seen all the battles of the winds meet together in the air." §

Five years pass over, and again the spirits of the air come before us, and for the last time. The tempest of feeling has subsided, the poet has returned to a more natural and happy state of mind. The play reveals the change in its author. Much of the fun and sprightliness of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* peeps out afresh. The spirits of nature are again propitious rather than maleficent; treachery and wickedness are punished or disgraced; virtue triumphs; the world and life are beautiful, and nature and the best of humankind rejoice. The sympathetic and intelligent reader must work out the subject for himself. It is impossible in this place to do more than give the clue. The following extracts from the *History of Winds* will show the manner in which, as we believe, Bacon distilled the gross matter of prosaic scientific notes into ideas as spiritual and light as the airs of the enchanted isle of which he wrote:

"Inquire into the nature of the winds * * * whether some are not free * * * what do mountains contribute to them?"

Prospero (to Ariel): "Thou shalt be free as mountain winds."

"The poets have feigned that the Kingdom of Sol was situated in subterranean dens and caverns where

* *Macbeth* I, iii, 77-82.
† *Æneid* I, 85.

‡ *Macbeth* IV, i.
§ *Georgics* I, 318. Compare "Sounds of battle hurtled in the air," *Julius Caesar* II, ii.

the winds were imprisoned and whence they were occasionally let loose. * * * The air will submit to some compression." "Hollow and cavernous districts have their attendant winds. * * * At Aber Barry on the Severn, in Wales, there is a rocky cliff filled with holes, to which, if a man apply his ear, he will hear various sounds and murmurs of subterranean blasts." "Near Potosi there are vents for hot and cold blasts."

Prospero reminds Ariel of his miserable condition as an *imprisoned wind* under the control of the witch Sycorax, and of how he had to submit to painful *compression*, *venting* his groans for a dozen years. He threatens to confine him faster still if he continues to murmur:

"Thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorred commands.
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years: where thou didst vent thy groans.
If thou murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howled away twelve summers."

—*Tempest* II, ii.

"The greatest winds," says Bacon, "if they blow not hollow, give an interior sound; the *whistling wind* yields a *singing* or exterior sound, the latter being pent." So Titania, as we have seen, dances her ringlets to the *whistling wind*,* and Trinculo knows that another storm is brewing, for he hears it *sing* in the wind.†

"The nature of the winds is ranked amongst the things mysterious and concealed; and no wonder, when the power and nature of the air, which the winds attend and serve is entirely unknown. Inquire into the nature of the attendant winds * * * their community," etc.

(*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy.*)
Ariel * * * you fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate * * * my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable.

Bacon's inquiries as to the ministering and attendant winds are frequently echoed by Ariel and Prospero, who commends the performances of his chief air spirit, and declares that his "meaner ministers" have well done their several kinds by raising the tempest and terrifying his enemies. The philosopher proceeds to "Inquire into the power of the winds of conveying spiritual species, that is, sounds, ratiations, and the like." The inquiry is reflected in the following lines:

"Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass."‡

The same scientific ideas are to be found in a passage in *Macbeth*, but wrapped in gloomier and more tragic language:

"Pity, like a new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."§

The last line of this passage refers to the observation of Bacon, that "showers generally allay the winds, especially if they be stormy."

The passage before quoted on the force of winds, their power to overthrow solid structures and to hurl down avalanches, is again beautifully distilled into poetry in the *Tempest*. The gentler winds, which Bacon describes as "*driving on the tides and currents, sometimes propelling and sometimes flying from one another, as if in sport*,"|| are called together, "weak masters though they be," to help in promoting an "agitation" and "collision" among the violent winds, and "to drive them along," as Bacon says, "in mad fury." In other words, the tempest is raised by aid of the "attendant" or "ministering" winds, and combined with an earthquake, over which the winds have no control, but which the Magician has caused by his so potent art. See the lovely creation from these elements.

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back, you demi puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's strong oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd and let them forth
By my so potent art.

In these lines, besides many allusions to the various winds and to their action in *driving on* or *flying from* the tides, to earthquakes, and to "all tumult, conflict, and disorder which may seem to have a place in heaven or earth,"** we get a hint of Bacon's curious *Experiments Touching the Rudiments of Plants, of Excre-scences, etc.* Moss is first studied; "it cometh of moisture," and it is made of the sap of the

* "The wind by his hollow whistling," etc.—*Henry IV*: V, i, 5.

† *Tempest* III, ii.

‡ *History of Winds, Particular Topics*, 25; *Motions*, 19; *Ebb and Flow of the Sea*, Spedding's Works V, 451.

** *Cogitationes de Nat: Rerum*, Spedding's Works V, 439.

§ *Macbeth* I, vii.

|| *Macbeth* I, vii.

tree "which is not so frank as to rise all to the boughs, but tireth by the way, and putteth out moss."* A quaint idea! Trees are said to bear moss "that stand bleak and upon the winds;"† Bacon therefore thought that the winds had something to do with such growths. And, next unto moss, he would speak of mushrooms, which he associates with moss as being likewise an "imperfect plant." Mushrooms have two strange properties: "the one that they yield so delicious a meat—the other that they come up so hastily, and yet they are unsown." Like moss, "they come of much moisture; * * * they are windy, but the windiness is not sharp and griping" like the "green-sour" ringlets which the fairies amuse themselves in making at midnight, and which even the sheep will not eat.

The wind-fairies "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew." We know, then, that these are the south winds; for "the south wind is the attendant of the night; it rises in the night and blows stronger." The south and the west winds, too, are "warm and moist, * * * favourable to plants, flowers, and all vegetation;"‡ hence the mushrooms spring up quickly under their influence. But the north winds are, indeed, "more potent ministers," for with them occur "thunder, lightning, and tornadoes, accompanied with cold and hail."§ The north wind, like the east wind, is destructive and unfavorable to vegetation; for strong winds either *bind the flower* on the opening of it *or shake it off.*||

"The tyrannous breathing of the North
Shakes all our buds from growing."**

"Storms," the notes continue, "which are attended with cloud and fog, are very violent and dangerous at sea."†† Prospero, therefore, to make his tempest the more terrible, "bedims the noontide sun" before calling forth the winds and the thunder.

The anniversary north winds are supposed to come "from the frozen sea and the regions about the Arctic Circle, where the ice and snow are not melted till the summer is far advanced." Prospero taunts Ariel:

"Thou think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north
When it is *bak'd with frost.*"

The last three lines seem to be suggested by the Latin entry in the *Promus*, No. 1367, *Frigus adurit*. The idea is repeated in *Hamlet* III, iv:

"*Frost* itself as actively *doth burn.*" The philosophic poet does not forget to allude to the effects of "warm winds and moist airs in inducing putrefaction" and in increasing "pestilential diseases and catarrhs." Caliban's worst imprecation is:

"As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! A southwest blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!"

Prospero is equal to the occasion, and answers him in kind:

"For this, be sure thou shalt have cramps,
Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up
* * * * I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches."

In a spirit as amiable as Caliban's, Thersites curses Patroclus: "Now the rotten diseases of the South, * * * catarrhs, wheezing lungs, * * * incurable bone aches, take and take again such preposterous discoveries;"‡‡ and Marcius utters similar imprecations on the Romans flying from the triumphant Volces:

"All the contagion of the South light upon you
* * * * Biles and plagues
Plaster you o'er that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than the sun, and one infect the other
Against the wind a mile!"§§

Bacon's cogitations on "Winds," "Contagion," "Putrefaction," and "Medicine," become inextricably mingled in these later plays. They are also linked and interwoven with even deeper thoughts and theories upon which we hope, by permission, to touch on a future occasion.

* *Natural History*, 540.

† *History of the Winds*, "Qualities and Powers," i, 2, 10, 12, 27.

‡ *History of the Winds*, 21, 24.

§ *History of the Winds*, "Extraordinary." Comp. *Macbeth* I, i, 11, III, v, 35.

|| *Troilus and Cressida* V, i, and Comp. *Promus*, No. 1507.

† *Ib.* 545.

§ *Ib.* 35. Comp. *Macbeth* I, i, 2; *Hamlet* V, ii, 97.

** *Cymbeline* I, iv, 36.

‡‡ *Ib.* 35.

§§ *Coriolanus* I, iv.

John Henry Pott

"CRESSIDA, DAUGHTER TO CALCHAS."

ONE goes to Shakespeare as to nature, and studies the type—the human type—revealed in his plays, as the moralist dips in history and selects his instance or warning exemplar, and as the botanist to the fields for a specimen plant. Among these types and characters, that of the fair but frail Cressida deserves especial mention for its beauty and fascination. One admits at the outset that Cressida is not so imposing as Lady Macbeth, nor so lovable as the pure and constant Imogene, nor as witty as Beatrice, and certainly not as noble as Portia; and yet there is a good deal of attractive human nature in "Cressid," and the base of her character lies deep in the human soul.

Still, it may be said, why not take as your model for a sketch some one of the women of Shakespeare who stand higher in the scale of morality than she, whose name is the synonym for frailty and perfidy? Partly because I believe the poet came closer to a certain universal type in the creation of Cressida than he did in that of Ophelia and those mentioned, and partly because in a great work of art the shadows are sometimes richer and more picturesque than the bald white spots.

Besides, did not the poet Burns write an ode to the "Deil," and waste a touch of beautiful pathos over that invisible but ubiquitous scamp? Cressida was beautiful, and beauty, as Goethe points out, is its own reward, and is a text as divine as any known to mortal mind; the worship of beauty is the only homage paid instinctively, without previous training, and given without stint.

In forming an image of the beauty of Cressida, one reads and builds between the lines. She had dark hair, a fair skin, full, liquid, rolling eyes; small, restless feet; a grace which comes from perfect proportion, a low forehead, long, caressing arms, and a throat like Juno—a pillar of polished ivory.

One must also remember that she was the daughter of a priest of Apollo—of the traitor Calchas—who, in the hour of trial and danger, had fled to the enemy. The flaw in her moral nature was inherited. She had, no doubt, often seen her father personating the awful voice of the god and composing the obscure speeches of the oracle, and had probably more than once seen him elevate his eyebrows when the people knelt and trembled at the altar of Apollo. And Pandarus was her guide! When the fair Cressida looked out

upon the world, what did she see? The whole world was at war about a woman—the beautiful Greek woman, Helen, captured by Paris—and all the men, from the sons of the King to the knaves, were armed and fighting rather than deliver her up.

"Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,"

cries the infatuated Troilus.

Love and war were the only themes of life, and beauty was the highest good. Even the blue sea was "toying with its bride, the shore;" and the sun, fruit, flowers, birds, sang but one song—the power of love. And did not great Agamemnon say:

"But we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love?"

This is the setting, and Cressida as the gem perfectly becomes it. Her first appearance and dialogue with Pandarus gives us a sample of her wit, coquetry, powers of observation, and cunning. She plays or toys intellectually with her uncle, as she does emotionally afterward with her lover, Troilus. With what eagerness the uncle praises his *protégé*, Troilus, and with what shrugs and pretty phrases she deprecates the tendered lover.

Pand. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pand. Does he not?

Cres. O, yes, an't were a cloud in autumn.

* * * * *

Pand. — he will weep you, an't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears an't were a nettle against May.

She detects the base motives of Pandarus, perplexes him with her wit, and then archly observes, finger on lip—

"Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she below'd knows naught that knows not this—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

* * * * *

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's consent firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from my eyes appear."

And Troilus, whose simplicity, truth, and constancy form the defect or vice of his character—what a pity that his life should be wrecked upon such a beautiful but dangerous sea! Shakespeare has apparently embalmed

in this character one of his own bitter experiences in life—the only time, probably, when the great poet felt the pang of "despised love." Troilus has long loved the fair Cressida, and has stalked

"about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage."

And when Pandarus tells him that the prize is caught, that she is coming, and the sound of her hastening footstep falls upon his ear, the imaginary pleasure overwhelms the ardent lover, and he cries,

"I am giddy; expectation whirls me round."

And he fears that death may intervene, or the joy itself be so god-like that his rude senses cannot clutch it. The wooing, contracting, and parting scenes follow each other in rapid succession. What a contrast the lovers present! Sincerity, deadly earnestness, and passion on one side, and coquetry and passion on the other. "It is the prettiest villain," says Pandarus—"she fetches her breath so short as a new ta'en sparrow"—and then he darts out to bring in the wayward beauty. She comes in veiled, and has no sooner advanced a step or two than she runs away again, and has to be pulled back with force; she blushes and holds down her graceful head when the veil is drawn aside, and she almost melts when Troilus kisses her.

See the fair Cressida teasing, petting, and cooing with the timorous and trembling lover, and winding the fatal meshes of her charms around his tottering feet. You hear and see this fascinating image, with its sighs, broken and fragmentary speech, furtive, deprecating glances, its speaking impulses arrested nearly at the outset, and note how it nestles and caresses like a too ardent yet confiding, innocent girl, and have to confess that the bewitching and truthful portraiture is without its parallel, except in life. As she leans her soft round cheek on Troilus' shoulder, she confesses that she always loved him—yes—at first sight—that is—

* * * * "in faith I lie.

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother:— * * * *
Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?"

And in response to her cajoling and irritating voice, one hears the firm bass of Troilus' tones ring out solid as the earth and clear and fixed as the north star.

Oh! that this priceless gift of the gods were for him and for him only, and that her integrity and purity were equal and matched

to "such a winnowed purity in love" as his!

Her eager sense detects the reproach in the wish. What is that? Your love is more constant, firmer than mine? She feels the inner flaw of her own nature and drowns the rising admission with a storm of words:

"If I be, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
And waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing: yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
* * * * *

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressida!"

She protests too much; but poor Troilus never notices the defect in the ring, and makes the old mistake in deeming that beauty and truth are allied by nature.

In the meantime, it has been agreed between Priam and the Grecian generals that Antenor shall be returned to the Trojans; and in exchange for the distinguished prisoner that Cressida shall be given up to her father, Calchas the traitor. When Æneas brings this dreadful news to Troilus in the very acme of the feast, the latter is frozen into silence; he shakes his clenched fist at fate—

"How my achievements mock me!"

But when Pandarus conveys the same intelligence to Cressida—that she has been exchanged for Antenor, that she must leave Troy, and, worst of all, part from Troilus—she flashes out into words that make the welkin ring:

"O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus."

No, never, never. There is no power in heaven and earth to separate her from Troilus. Her love is like the centre of the earth—"drawing all things to it"—and then she adds, in a softened voice. "I will go in and weep." Yes, she will not only weep, but she will tear her "bright hair" and crack her "clear voice" with sobs and break her heart, but never, never leave Troy!

In the midst of all her grief she does not forget that her hair is "bright" and her voice "clear," and in spite of all her protests she leaves Troy and Troilus with dry eyes.

The scene of the parting of the lovers, where Cressida is to be delivered to the handsome and insolent Diomedes, is full of wonderful and beautiful touches of pathos. As Troilus embraces the beautiful bride of an

hour, there passes before his mind's eye the irresistible temptations that will surround the beloved object of his heart, and, as he nobly says, "a kind of godly jealousy" makes him afraid. He sees the tempting novelties of a new life; the Grecian youths, overflowing with arts—beautiful, gifted by nature, eloquent in discourse, graceful in action, loving and knowing how to inspire the passion of love in others—and Cressida—the impressionable Cressida—to be exposed to all these temptations, and he (Troilus) no longer there to act as a shield and protector. The thought is maddening. And again and again the admonition, the earnest supplication, is wrung from him: "O Cressida! be true"—only be true—"but yet be true!"

"I true! How now? what wicked deem is this?" replies the unfaltering Cressida.

"O heavens! be true again!"

and as she speaks and protests, the Grecian, Diomedes, enters, and she is silent. Her bright, rolling eyes rapidly scan the messenger, and she feels that she is in the presence of one as noble, as valiant, as handsome as Troilus, with the additional and fascinating charm of novelty—and she sighs. From that moment the real separation of the lovers takes place; for although Troilus and Cressida are walking side by side, Diomedes is flattering the lady and she is drinking in the honey of his phrases, and an irretrievable yesterday lies between the lovers.

And then, as Troilus beautifully expresses it—

"Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up,"

and carries away his dearly beloved Cressida to the Grecian camp, and, what is more dangerous, to the presence of armed Ajax, all-conquering Achilles, and the royal Agamemnon. Their reception among the noble warriors is very characteristic of the time. The discussions of war must cease when beauty enters and love receive its tribute. The General instantly salutes her with a kiss, the wintry and wise Nestor follows his example, Achilles eagerly takes the winter from her lips, and, like a precious goblet of choice wine, she is passed from lip to lip for all to sip of the delicate nectar. Only Ulysses—the "dog-fox" Ulysses—scorns the "court-ing welcome," and judges the fair Cressida from another standpoint:

"Fie, fie upon her!

There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip—
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body."

This seems like a very harsh and unjust judgment, but Cressida, before long, will almost verify every word. I allude to the scene "before Calchas' Tent," where Cressida makes her last appearance. Troilus, spurred on by love and jealousy, visits the Grecian camp in the train of Hector and Æneas, ostensibly to witness the duel between Ajax and Hector, but really to satisfy his hungry mind with a word or a glance from Cressida. And when he asks Ulysses in what part of the field Calchas may be found, he is told—

"At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus,
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid."

It is true then, his fears were shadows of the coming event, and Cressida is false! Then, like Othello, he demands the ocular proof of her frailty and falsehood; the thought of her treachery is so monstrous, repugnant, and inconceivable, that only the testimony of eyes and ears can furnish adequate evidence. For if beauty have a soul, "if souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony," and if there be a rule in unity itself, Cressida must be true, he argues;—and yet, let me see them together, let me hear her speak, for only she—only Cressida—can destroy the heaven that Cressida has created. What a scene that would be for a painter! It is night, and the twinkling canopy of stars make the earth seem darker; in the background, the fires on the shore illuminate the bows and sides of the ships, and cast red patches of light between the tents and groups of warriors. In front of Calchas' tent stands Diomedes with Cressida; and behind, half hid in armor and the shadows of the torch-lit scene, are Ulysses and poor Troilus, all eye and ear. Ill-shapen Thersites is also there, and feeds his malice with the delicious scene of perfidy;—for if "Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries," why not Thersites also? What a greeting Cressida gives to Diomedes:

"Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a word with you,"

and she little deems that the eyes—the fierce eyes of Troilus—are upon her! And the sight is so dread, so fascinating, so fatal, that he cannot turn away; it consumes him with hatred, scorn, envy, and horror, and yet he lingers, writhing, groaning, but, nevertheless, chained to the spot.

And Cressida caresses her sweet guardian, whispers in his ear, frowns, smiles, runs away and comes as suddenly back, pouts, promises, says yes with a frown and no with a smile,

and strokes his cheek with her white, clinging fingers! The storm of passion so shakes the youthful Prince that Ulysses begs him to depart from the wrathful sight and the dangerous place; but no; he will suffer hell's torments—he will be patient, he will not speak, nor budge, nor suddenly rush upon the insolent Diomedes and kill him—but see and hear he must! Occasionally words trickle from his lips like blood from a wound;—and he sighs—

"O wither'd truth!"

The killing of Hector by Achilles and his myrmidons is not so tragic as this breach of faith; and one's indignation is more aroused by the arrogant capture of Cressida by Diomedes than by Achilles' brutal treatment of the body of the noble Hector.

And yet Jove's laughter appears to ask us—"What has beauty to do with troth, or love with constancy?" You cannot chain fate with the shackles of human laws, however divine or precious you claim their origin to be. And in the persistent and determined attempt to do it lies the kernel of tragedy, ancient and modern. And Troilus still stands and drinks in with eyes and ears every act of the torturing perfidy of his mistress, and records deep in his soul every syllable that was spoken. And yet

"—there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,"

and looking at the spot where Cressid but a moment ago was toying with Diomedes, he asks, "Was Cressid here?" It seems to the distracted youth easier to treat the testimony of his senses as an illusion—as a calumnious vision—as the evidence of rebellious organs conspiring to cheat him—than to find falsehood in such a beautiful woman as Cressida.

"—this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
* * * * *
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,
And with another knot, five-finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, arts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'r-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed."

Cressida has decorated her new lover with the present from Troilus, and vanished forever from the scene, and the latter, unable

longer to resist the force of mighty truth, cries:

"O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruth stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious."

This play is properly called *Troilus and Cressida*. They form the theme; the rest is mere accompaniment and accessory.

One is amused and entertained with the wisdom of Ulysses, the pride of Ajax, the bitter scurrility of Thersites, and the pompous, unprincipled insolence of Achilles—but the real interest is centred in the lovers. The war, the council, the parade, the combats, even the prophecies of Cassandra—the personified opposite of Cressid—are only episode, side-play, background, to the theme of love; and the destruction of Troy—or rather its anticipation—is subordinated to the faithless mistress—to the story of the beautiful but false Cressida. This leads one to suppose that Shakespeare embalmed in this play an experience of his own life; for, however objective the character of Shakespeare's genius may have been, nevertheless, the real man and poet must be sought after in these plays and poems rather than in the cupboards and tomb of Stratford. Just as there are palpable traces of the handsome, amiable Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*, of the prudent, observing, and worldly-wise Bacon in his *Essays*, and of the courageous and chivalrous Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, so the sensuous, large-hearted, and sweet master Shakespeare may be found in the vicissitudes and passions of Troilus, Romeo, Jacques, Coriolanus, and the other wonderful creations of his pen. He stands behind them all, and if we look closely we shall perceive him. If my surmise be correct, some such false and fair Cressida of England wrung from him the following "ecstasy of passion:"

SONNET CXLVII.

"My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain, sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past cure,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night."

Henry Hooper

ODE TO NEPTUNE.*

God of the steed and the spear and the Ocean,
 Speed thou our barks o'er the wandering foam,
 Steer us by reef and by headland and island,
 Outward and onward, and inward and home ;
 Hail to thee, Neptune ! great Neptune, all hail !

Shaker of Earth and upheaver of Water ;
 Father of Triton and brother of Jove,
 Thou at whose bidding Troy rose as a palm tree,
 Under whose branches her warriors strove ;
 Hail to thee, Neptune ! great Neptune, all hail !

Saturn begat thee, and Saturn devoured thee,
 But to restore thee to mystical birth ;
 Neptune some style thee, some call thee Poseidon,
 Many thy names as the races of Earth :
 Hail to thee, Neptune ! great Neptune, all hail !

Deep in the sea lies thy palace at Ægæ,
 Whence thou arisest to ride on the wave,
 Yoking thy golden-maned, brazen-hoofed coursers,
 Mighty to ruin, but powerful to save ;
 Hail to thee, Neptune ! great Neptune, all hail !

Clouds as thou biddest them gather and scatter,
 Come at thy whisper and fly at thy nod ;
 Look then on us that bow down at thine altars,
 King of the Ocean, the Mariners' God !
 Hail to thee, Neptune ! great Neptune, all hail !

HERMAN MERIVALE.

* Written for the forthcoming musical production of *Pericles*.

THE SIGNS OF APPROACHING DEATH ILLUSTRATED FROM SHAKESPEARE.

It was Cullen who gave to the profession the keynote of modern clinical medicine in his practical suggestion "to obviate the tendency to death." Bichat in his researches formulated the "Triangle of Life," and in our day we have referred all modes of death to this equilateral triangle, *i. e.*, death by the Circulation, by Respiration, by Innervation—by the Heart, Lungs, or Brain—by Asthenia, Apnoea, or Coma. These modes of death, as they have been fully described by Bichat, Alison, Watson, Aitken, and others, are so interwoven with each other in their signs that it is only by the preponderance of the phenomena in any one group that we are able to specifically refer the death to its mode. It is permissible to state here that as the earliest sign of movement in the body as evidencing life is seen in the pulsatile spot which is afterward developed into a heart, so this organ appears to be the last that is inseparably connected with life, as the cessation of its movements is one of the evidences of death. The natural mode of death—the Euthanasia—appears to be by Asthenia—the failure of the vital powers, the loss of strength in structure to perform its function, whatever it may be, and the heart appears to be the last organ to fail in its strength and to rest, as it was the first to show sensible motion as a sign of life. The phenomena of approaching death by any of these modes is made up of signs belonging to the various systems mentioned—thus the cessation of the respiration, the absence of pulse, half-closed eyelids, dilatation of the pupils, clenched jaws, protruded tongue, partial contraction of the fingers, coldness and paleness of the skin, etc., are familiar as the external or apparent signs, while evidences of putrefactive changes and the *rigor mortis* are the positive signs of somatic death, and the tendency toward any one of these conditions in a greater or lesser degree marks the approach of death. The Father of Medicine, in his book of *Prognostics*, thus refers to the signs of approaching death, and as the facial expression is particularly noted, this description has passed into the current literature of the profession as "the Hippocratic face." Hippocrates says of the physician:

"He should observe thus in acute diseases: first, the countenance of the patient, if it be like those of persons in health, and more so, if like itself, for this is the best of all; whereas the most opposite to it is

the worst, such as the following: a sharp nose, hollow eyes, collapsed temples; the ears cold, contracted, and their lobes turned out; the skin about the forehead being rough, distended, and parched; the color of the whole face being green, black, livid, or lead colored. If the countenance be such at the commencement of the disease, and if this cannot be accounted for from the other symptoms * * * and if the other symptoms do not subside * * * it is to be known for certain that death is at hand. And, also, if the disease be in a more advanced stage either on the third or fourth day, and the countenance be such * * * the other symptoms are to be noted in the whole countenance, those on the body and those in the eyes, for if they shun the light or weep involuntarily or squint, or if the one be less than the other, or if the white of them be red, or livid, or has black veins in it; if there be a gum upon the eyes, if they are restless, protruding, or are become very hollow, and if the countenance be squalid and dark or the color of the whole face be changed—all these are to be reckoned bad and fatal symptoms. The physician should also observe the appearance of the eyes from below the eyelids in sleep; for when a portion of the white appears owing to the eyelids not being closed together * * * it is to be reckoned an unfavorable and very deadly symptom, but if the eyelid be contracted, livid, or pale, or also the lip, or nose, along with some of the other symptoms one may know for certain that death is close at hand. It is a mortal symptom also when the lips are relaxed, pendant, cold, and blanched."

Thus much in detail from the sage of Cos, whose observant and analytic mind should guide all medical men in the natural historical methods of work and study of their profession.

These preliminary remarks are here set forth as being perhaps necessary to the better comprehension and understanding of what is further to be commented upon, and as affording also the data for a comparison, if need be, of the descriptions of approaching death as detailed by Shakespeare. Some reading and study of Shakespeare, with the notes and comments of Steevens, Knight, Grant White, Verplanck, Hudson, Rolfe, and others, and more especially the papers of Rockwell and Stearns upon closely allied physiological matters, have led me to gather from my scrap-book "The signs of approaching death," as Shakespeare has depicted them. In the *Winter's Tale* III, iii, Paulina thus denotes the cataleptic condition of Hermione:

"I say she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye, Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you As I would the gods."—

In *King John* V, vii:

Prince Henry. It is too late; the life of all his blood Is touched corruptibly; and in his pure brain (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house) Doth by the idle comments that it makes Foretell the ending of mortality.

[Enter PEMBROKE.]

Pembroke. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief That, being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Prince Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage?

[Exit BIGOT.]

Pembroke. He is more patient Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Prince Henry. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes In their continuance will not feel themselves. Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds With many legions of strange fantasies; Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing—

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death; And, from the organ pipe of frailty, sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

[Re-enter BIGOT and attendants, who bring in KING JOHN in a chair.]

King John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors, There is so hot a summer in my bosom, That all my bowels crumble up to dust: I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen Upon a parchment; and against this fire Do I shrink up.

Prince Henry. How fares your majesty?

King John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come, To thrust his icy fingers in my maw; Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips, And comfort me with cold;—I do not ask you much, I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Prince Henry. Oh! that there were some virtue in my tears, That might relieve you!

King John. The salt in them is hot.— Within me is a hell; and there the poison Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize On unreprieveable condemned blood.

There is little left out of this description to determine that the King is suffering from corrosive poisoning and will die.

In *Richard II.* I, i, Northumberland thus describes the condition of old Gaunt:

"His tongue is now a stringless instrument, Words, life, and all, old Lancaster has spent."

In the first part of *King Henry IV.* V, iv:

Hotspur. Oh! I could prophesy, But that the earthy and cold hand of death Lies on my tongue.

In both these instances the failure of speech and the loss of animal temperance is noted.

The second part of *King Henry IV.* IV, v:

Prince Henry (watching by the King). By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not. Did he suspire, that light and weightless down Perforce must move.

The allusion is to the absence of the expiratory movement in respiration as determined by the motion of a feather. This, with another sign to be noted further in *King Lear*, alike dependent on the expiratory movement, still continues to be accepted by the laity as an evidence of death.

The second part of *King Henry VI.* III, ii, Gloster dead in his bed:

Warwick. See, how the blood is settled in his face! Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless, Being all descended to the laboring heart, Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy; Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth To blush and beautify the cheek again. But, see! his face is black and full of blood; His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd, Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man; His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling; His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued. Look on the sheets!—his hair, you see, is sticking; His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged, Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd. It cannot be but he was murder'd here; The least of all these signs were probable.

Warwick's description of sudden death leaves but little for modern medical jurisprudence to add of the external appearances that require to be noted in such cases.

It is to be noted here that upon the first eight lines of this extract is based the claim of Shakespeare to have anticipated Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Shakespeare was born 1564 and died 1616; Harvey was born 1578 and died 1657, and the play was published circa 1594-1600.

The third part of *King Henry VI.* II, vi, Clifford groans and dies:

Edward. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Richard. A deadly groan like life and death's departing.

Warwick. Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

The groan, alluding to what is commonly called the "death agony," and the obtuse ear and glazed eye, taking no cognizance of sight or sound, as signs of impending death.

In *Richard III.* I, iv, Clarence's dream:

"O Lord! Methought what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!"

Brackenbury. Had you such leisure in the time of death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clarence. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

The allusion in the whole of the above extract is to the rapid review of the life said to occur in persons who have experienced the phenomena of drowning and who have been resuscitated.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* V, ii:

Cesar. If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling; but she looks like sleep. * * *

The allusion here is to a common superstition that persons poisoned swell immediately after death.

In *King Lear* V, iii, Lear with Cordelia dead in his arms:

Lear. I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth—lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

As the movement of a feather is mentioned in *Henry IV*, so here the condensation of the moisture of the breath by the cold surface of a looking-glass held near the mouth of the suspected body, the polished surface showing a film of moisture if respiration exists, is also considered by the laity as an evidence of death.

In *Romeo and Juliet* IV, i:

Friar Lawrence. * * * for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death.

Romeo and Juliet IV, v:

Capulet. * * * Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;
Life and their lips have long been separated.

Romeo and Juliet V, iii:

Romeo. How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death.

Friar Lawrence and Capulet both narrate the ordinary signs of death, and the remark of Romeo is allied to that of Pembroke in *King John*.

Romeo, King John, and Dame Quickly all note more particularly the real signs of approaching death.

I have reserved Dame Quickly's narrative of the death of Falstaff as the fitting close of this brief paper.

In *King Henry V*: II, iii:

Dame Quickly. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom, 'a made a finer end, and went away, an' it had been any Christian child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. * * * So 'a bade one lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. * * * *

There is no need of comment. The death of Falstaff has passed into the memories of the profession as a classic description of approaching death. There is the allusion to the turning of the tide as the time of death. May not this common superstition as to the ebbing away of life have a beautiful yet tender and pathetic association with slow, resistless, yet certain ebb of the "flowing tide"? The hour of death "a parted even just between twelve and one"—near the commencement of the daily cyclical depression of the vital powers. The "fumble with the sheets," the "play with flowers," the "smile at his fingers' ends," the pinched nose, the Dame's "I knew there was but one way" and

"'a babbled of green fields,"

He "went away." It is as real in its physiological facts as it is grand in its pathos. Before such a death scene, all the sins of the fat knight pass out of sight and remembrance, and we feel that near us is the angel of reverence as we close the reading.

J. J. Turner.

SCHOLARS, SCHOOLS, AND SCHOOLING.*

I.

"HEAR him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of Commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practis'd part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it."

These words, with which the Archbishop of Canterbury expresses his joy at the reform in the new King, and praises his experience and universal knowledge, have been with justness applied to the great poet himself.

Numerous have been the essays and books written to point out or prove the universal genius in Shakespeare. He is shown to be an original investigator in fields of science which our nineteenth-century men have arrogated to themselves; not only is he shown to be a student of nature, but her living forms are so graphically put before us that we name him naturalist; so well, too, does he know their organs and functions, that we call him a physiologist; everywhere does he prove himself master of the workings of spirit and mind, and we say he is a psychologist. On the one hand he is described as a profound historian; on the other, as a keen-witted attorney. He is also quoted as a passable farmer and agriculturist, an experienced sailor, and a successful business man, besides being a thorough musician, and well versed in everything pertaining to the fine arts.

It is surprising, however, that no one has before this presented Shakespeare in the role of schoolmaster; and there can be adduced, as giving color to this view, the evidence of John Aubrey, who heard of a Mr. Beeton that Shakespeare was, in his younger days, a schoolmaster.† In undertaking to point out the various places which stand as evidence of the interest taken by Shakespeare in schools and schoolmasters and all that relates to them, we are not seeking to verify the information given to Aubrey, but to show, aside from this, what thoughts, characters, and scenes the

poet has been able to draw from this walk of life.

The passage quoted from *Henry V* shows the high plane on which Shakespeare placed the *worth* of education and culture. This is not the only quotation that can be made on the subject; and, indeed, on what questions that are still questions among men does Shakespeare speak but once; he seems always the teacher, saying, and *saying again*, in different words, it may be, what he would have us remember; as if erecting out of his own consciousness beacons of light for the voyagers on that sea of experience which surrounds us all, and through which each one in time must steer.

Again, in *Henry V* (V, ii, 54) we find the Duke of Burgundy urging for peace because of the great hurt to "fertile France" through neglect of learning and the arts.

"And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And everything that seems unnatural."

Timon, in his imprecation against Athens, does not forget to wish "Instruction, manners" to decline to their "confounding contraries and let confusion live." (IV, i, 18.)

Thersites, too, in *Troilus and Cressida* (II, iii, 30), gives his blessing to Patroclus:

"The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee!"

What Thersites wishes upon Patroclus is found to have actually happened in the case of Orlando in *As You Like It* (I, i, 5), where he complains of his brother Oliver:

"My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; * * his horses are bred better, for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; * * *"

As lack of breeding may make a peer lower than a peasant, so, too, does the possession of culture elevate the peasant to the peers of the land. So in *The Winter's Tale*,

* Re-written and adapted by Isidore Schwab from the article read before the German Shakespeare Society, by Dr. Julius Zupitza.

† Ingleby, *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*.

Florizel, thinking he is speaking of a shepherd's daughter, says, speaking of Perdita:

"She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth."

An old Athenian (*Timon of Athens* I, i, 124), in speaking of his daughter, says, "I have bred her at my *dearest cost* in qualities of the best." And it is with a kind of exultation that Prospero declares to what extent he has taught his daughter Miranda. Desdemona, too, in her divided duty, does not forget to thank her father, not alone for life, but also for her *education*. Further in *Cymbeline*, it is related (I, i, 40):

"The King he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him * * * * *
Puts to him all the *learnings* that his time
Could make him the receiver of; * * *"

Every one, we know, does not make use of presented opportunities; or, having hoisted sail as the wind is going down, we cry and sigh over our "shiftless" state and flopping canvas. So, it looms from out the wine fumes that beset poor Sir Andrew's head that he, too, possibly, had missed some passing opportunities. For Sir Toby, so dexterous in languages that he speaks two at once, with his "Pourquoi, my dear knight?" throws the lean knight into a state of abject self-abasement:

"What is *pourquoi*? do or not do?
I would I had bestowed that time
In the tongues that I have in fencing,
Dancing, and bear baiting: O, had
I but followed the arts!"

—*Twelfth Night* I, iii, 97.

But it is in 2 *Henry VI* that Shakespeare speaks his mind most emphatically as to the worth of education and culture,* where, in the Rebel Cade and his followers, he shows to what extent ignorance can run riot and to what senseless action it leads. There are two scenes. In the one (IV, ii, 91) we find the clerk of Chatham brought before Jack Cade for examination:

Smith. * * he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjuror.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't; the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They used to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou used to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

In the same scene we find the Rebels demanding the head of Lord Say, "for selling the dukedom of Maine."

Cade. * * * * * and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can; the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counselor, or no?

All. No! no! And therefore we'll have his head.

Lord Say, being brought before Cade, is charged with having

"most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and, whereas, before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

During the examination Say, having dropped a Latin phrase, Cade cries out:

"Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin."

As if in contrast to this tumult of ignorance, Lord Say says:

"Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the King,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me."

—2 *Henry VII.*: IV, vii, 76.

Let us now turn to the passages in which Shakespeare has named schools or places of learning: We find, first, a primary school, or a school for beginners, kept by Holofernes. Armado, in *Love's Labor's Lost*, asks, "Do you not educate youth at the charge house at the top of the mountain?" But we have already been told by Moth (V, i, 50), "He teaches boys the horn-book." While in this case a separate "charge house" has been set aside, we find from a passage in *What You Will* that sometimes the church was used as a school. It is that scene in which Malvolio falls into the trap set for him by

* By culture I mean a formative process different from education, in the sense of mere acquisition, as it is generally understood. While the German word *Bildung* may be translated "culture," it is never confounded with aestheticism, as is so frequently the case with the English word.

Maria, when, having followed the directions in the letter which bade him remember who commended his yellow stockings and wished to see him ever cross-gartered, he appears so arrayed, she declares that he is cross-gartered "most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church." Shakespeare only once mentions a "grammar school" by name, though there are other passages in which reference is made to schools of this grade. The reference is in *2 Henry VI* (IV, vii, 35), where Lord Say is accused, among other things, of erecting a "grammar school." As on offset to Cade, we have Shakespeare's declaration through Griffith (*Henry VIII*: IV, ii, 59), that it mitigated Wolsey's sin, since the ill-gotten gains were for the most part devoted to the education of youth, and as founder of Ipswich, which fell with him, unwilling to outlive the good that did it.

In *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Shakespeare gives us a peep at the inner workings of a school kept by Sir Hugh Evans. We meet Mistress Page taking her "young man" to school. But just then she meets Sir Hugh:

"How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?"

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart.

School has been "let out" for the day on request and in honor of a visitor, Master Slender.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you ask him some questions in his acquaintance.

Thereupon we have a public examination not very unlike examinations still carried on in our schools and in vogue in different sections* of the country on request of a fond parent or for the edification of some dear relative. And the mother, when at last the boy is freed, says, just as the mother of to-day when she has heard her child through all the "ologies," "He is a better scholar than I thought he was." Sir Evans, knowing a discreet answer turneth away wrath, replies: "He is a good sprag memory."

Of the two universities Shakespeare mentions one only by name, Oxford, which is mentioned in two places. In *2 Henry IV* (III, ii, 10) Justice Shallow asks about his "Cousin William * * *"; he is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

The college to which William belongs is not given.

The second passage referred to is the often quoted *Henry VIII* (IV, ii, 58):

"Those twins of learning which he raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford!"

The college founded by Wolsey at Oxford is Christ College, of which Shakespeare found, in Holinshed, " * * * at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished as yet as it lieth for an house of students (considering all the appurtenances) incomparable throughout Christendom."

Of foreign universities, Shakespeare mentions the German University of Wittenberg. Here† Hamlet studied until the news of his father's death recalled him to Denmark, and to which, bearing the double bereavement of his father by death and his mother by her hasty marriage, he now again wishes to return. But this does not suit the King:

"For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire."

But his "prophetic soul," rather than the appeals of his uncle-father or aunt-mother, decides him to remain.

Besides this, Shakespeare has introduced the University of Padua in the *Taming of a Shrew* (I, i, 1). In the same play the University of Rheims is mentioned. There is no other direct quotation excepting where Lucentio's father discovers Tranio in his son's clothes and cries out on the extravagance of the University:

"While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the University."

Shakespeare mentions "the studious universities" (*Henry VIII*: III, ii, 66). There is still to be mentioned the reference in *Hamlet* (III, ii, 103), where the students "enacted plays."

There are two allusions to academical schools, besides the frequent mention of schools of medicine, law, and theology.

In *2 Henry IV* (IV, iii, 125), Sir John tells us that "*learning's* a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use," while in *Troilus and Cressida* (I, iii, 104) is noticed "degrees in schools."

* The writer having lately visited the far South, hopes nothing he saw there suggested the writing of this passage.

† An anachronism, as the University was founded in 1502. Since 1805 it has been united with the University of Halle.

THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XXV. THE ZINCKE PORTRAIT.

W. F. ZINCKE, an artist who seems to have vied with Edward Holder in the manufacture of spurious portraits of Shakespeare, was the painter of this picture.

The portrait is in an oval and shows the full face. The shape of the head, the arrangement of the hair and beard, all bear considerable resemblance to the Stratford bust, which Zincke appears to have taken as his model. On one side of the oval in which the picture is painted is a sketch of the poet with his dog and gun, and on the other side he is shown as a boy holding a horse—the latter being a representation of the story of his having followed that occupation while a youth. At the top of the oval is a line in Greek, while at the bottom are more lines of precious trash not worth the trouble of printing. Under one side of the oval is written "*Paynted by me, R. Burbage,*" and palm and oak leaves hang over the sides. On the back of the picture Zincke had pasted two pieces of paper, one purporting to contain some lines by Ben Jonson, and the other the following: "Henry Spelman, Esq., the gyfte of John Selden, Esq., the 4th daye of May, 1640." The canvas was pieced in two places, and had been so treated as to look old, though quite new.

Wivell says that he purchased it of Zincke on account of the ingenuity displayed in it, and adds: "It is most pitiable to see an old man, for want of a more honest employment, obliged to have recourse to such means as fabricating portraits of Shakespeare, or otherwise starve."

A capital engraving of it by W. Holl was published in 1827, in Wivell's *Inquiry*. Underneath this plate is appropriately given the quotation from *Macbeth*: "The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath, and THIS is of them."

XXVI. THE TALMA PORTRAIT.

W. F. Zincke, who had already appeared as the fabricator of other spurious portraits of the poet, altered this one from another picture. It is on the wooden part of a pair of bellows, and Zincke pretended to have found them in an old tavern. It was sold by one Foster to a Mr. Allen for a small sum. Foster told Wivell, in 1827, that he knew it was not an original portrait, and he had sold about

thirty of "these mock original Shakespeares," and that he "never got more than six or eight guineas for the best, and I can assure you that I found it difficult to persuade many of the purchasers that they were not originals." Allen sold the picture to W. H. Ireland for eighty pounds. The condition of the sale, however, was that if there was any repainting or alteration on the picture it was to be returned to the seller. It was accordingly intrusted to a restorer and cleaner of pictures, a Mr. Ribet, who had no trouble in removing Zincke's paint, when an old lady with cap and blue ribbons appeared!

Ribet was employed to repair the picture, and soon made it a Shakespeare again. It was taken to France and sold to Talma, the actor, for a thousand francs. He had an elaborate case made for it of green morocco lined with silk.

While in Talma's possession it was seen by a Mr. Brockedon, who informed its owner that Zincke had altered it into a portrait of Shakespeare. Talma had always believed that it was a genuine portrait of the poet, and was much disappointed to find that he was mistaken.

XXVII. THE MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The monument of Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey is from a design by W. Kent, and was executed by P. Schemakers. It was erected in 1741. The poet is represented as leaning his right elbow on some books, which rest on a column. The head of the figure is like the Chandos portrait; the dress a doublet and knee breeches and cloak, which latter hangs from one shoulder. With his left hand he points to a scroll with an inscription on it, from *The Tempest*.

Several engravings have been made of this monument, the first by J. Maurer in 1742, the next by Miller in mezzotint. The latter is of folio size and very rare.

About this time a large plate of the monument, by H. Gravelot, was published. This must not be confounded with a smaller plate by the same engraver which was published in Hanmer's *Shakespeare*, first edition, 4to, 1774, and again used in the second edition of his work, 4to, 1771. Both these engravings are well done, and accurately represent the monument in all its hideousness.

Other plates by Dubose, Halpin, and Rothwell were also published; and a small engraving showing the iron railing around the monument was published in 1787 in Bell's *Shakespeare*, 16mo. The latter is very poor.

Finally, in 1827, Wivell published an excellent engraving of this pretentious monument in his *Inquiry*. It is by W. Holl and is very well done.

I am indebted to Samuel Timmins, Esq., J. P., of Birmingham, for a large and excellent photograph of the monument. Owing to its position in the Abbey it is difficult to get a good light, and this has made some of the shadows rather heavy, but even with these faults the photograph gives one a far better idea of it than any engraving can.

XXVIII. THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY ALTO RELIEVO.

When Boydell employed the best English artists of his day to paint the pictures which he afterward had engraved, he also had executed for the front of the Shakespeare Gallery, Pall Mall, London, a large monument in alto relievo, which was by J. Banks, R. A.

Shakespeare is represented seated on a rock. He leans his left hand on the shoulder of an allegorical figure of a woman representing the Genius of Painting, with a palette and brushes in her hand, while with the other she points to the poet as the best subject for her talents. The other allegorical figure is also a woman, who represents the Dramatic Genius, and she is figured with a lyre, while she offers a wreath to the poet. The allegorical figures are well done, especially the Genius of Painting, whose figure is very graceful and charming, but the poet has not fared so well. The face has often been mistaken for George Washington, to whom the resemblance is striking, and no doubt the hearts of many American visitors have thrilled at seeing what they supposed to be a statue of the immortal George, though they may have wondered what he was doing on that rock and surrounded by those women.

A beautiful engraving of this Alto Relievo, of large folio size, was published by Boydell in 1798 as a frontispiece to the large series of illustrations of Shakespeare in atlas folio which he issued. It is engraved by James Stow. A smaller engraving by B. Smith was published in Boydell's *Shakespeare*. It is also very well done.

It was also engraved by Burnet Reading, Vitalba, S. Rawle, 1804; Girtin & Scriven, 1804, and by W. Humphrey, 1826.

A neat engraving of this group by B. Holl was published in 1827 in Wivell's *Inquiry*.

XXIX. THE ROUBILIAC STATUE.

In 1758 Roubiliac sculptured a statue of Shakespeare for David Garrick. The latter, by his will, left the statue to the British Museum after the death of his wife, and it is now there.

The statue represents the poet leaning on a stand covered with drapery, in the act of composition. The face is taken from the Chandos portrait, and the costume is a doublet and knee breeches. Over all is thrown a loose cloak, which hangs from his shoulders.

Adrien Carpentiers painted a portrait of Roubiliac which represents him as finishing the model of this statue. This picture was engraved by D. Martin in 1765, and an excellent plate of the same portrait by W. Holl was published in Wivell's *Inquiry*, 1827.

XXX. THE WARD STATUE.

This statue, which is the work of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, was erected in Central Park, New York, May 23d, 1872. In modeling the head Mr. Ward has closely followed the Stratford bust, but he has given the face a much more intellectual expression than appears in the bust. The cheeks are thinner and the face more refined, and yet one can see at a glance that the Stratford bust has been his model.

The poet is represented standing, as if lost in thought. He holds a book in his right hand and has his finger between the leaves to keep the place where he has been reading. The left hand rests on the hip and the head is leaned slightly forward. The costume consists of doublet and hose, with puffed-out breeches, and a cloak hanging from the left shoulder, and is very graceful and well conceived.

The statue is larger than life and is made of bronze. It has been admirably photographed by Rockwood, of New York; and a poor and spiritless wood engraving of it by Davis appeared in *The Aldine* in 1872.

THE END.

J. Parker Norris

READING TABLE, No. 3.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

This Table, compiled from the "Globe" Edition, shows when, and how many lines each character speaks.

Boys, Pages, Prologues, Epilogues, Choruses, Fairies are classed with the female characters.

Most of the discrepancies between the totals of the Scenes in this Table and those in the "Globe" are accounted for by the following:

(a) Where a line of verse is divided between two or more speakers, each speaker is in this Table credited with a full line.

(b) Where two or more persons speak together the same words, each of the speakers is in this Table credited with the words.

In the other instances the counting of the "Globe" is wrong.

Total No. of Lines.	CHARACTERS.	I		II	III	IV			V	
		I	2	I	I	I	2	3	I	2
321	KING.....	117	...	47	76	...	81
70	LONGAVILLE.....	14	...	6	33	...	17
91	DUMAIN	8	...	2	44	...	37
627	BIRON	128	...	18	51	237	...	193
32	DULL.....	9	7	13	...	3	...
203	COSTARD.....	44	13	...	40	26	3	4	14	59
255	ARMADO	96	...	58	48	53
233	BOYET.....	67	...	64	102
2	1ST LORD	2
5	FORESTER.....	5
80	NATHANIEL.....	45	...	13	22
199	HOLOFERNES	104	...	60	35
4	MERCADE.....	4
168	MOTH	70	...	60	24	14
18	JAQUENETTA.....	...	6	8	4
290	PRINCESS	67	...	50	173
42	MARIA	22	...	4	16
46	KATHARINE.....	8	38
178	ROSALINE.....	30	...	11	137
2864		320	192	269	209	160	173	398	162	981
2789	Actual No. of Lines...	318	192	258	207	151	173	386	162	942

Contributors' Table.

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW.

On the last three days of May of this year a most interesting festival was held in the Albert Memorial Hall, London. The history of Shakespearian festivals will include few so interesting, few so instructive, as this, the Shakespeare Show of 1884. Its object was to raise five thousand pounds for the payment of a mortgage burdening the Chelsea Hospital for Women. This institution, whose object, as stated in its circular, is to provide for "the reception and treatment of respectable poor women and gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, suffering from those many distressing diseases to which the female sex is liable, irrespective of character or social position," has recently erected a splendid new building, the corner-stone of which was laid by the Princess of Wales, and was declared open by the Duchess of Albany.

The idea of the Show was no sooner mentioned than a large number of royal and distinguished personages gave it their patronage and approval. The list included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, and a host of duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and ladies, the whole including the name of every woman of eminence in England.

The details of the Show as sketched in the Preliminary Note were carried out in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise when the character of its conductors is considered. The General Council included, with a number of equally well-known men, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Sir Arthur Sullivan, T. Gibson Bowles, Esq., Fred. H. Cowen, Esq., F. J. Furnivall, Esq., W. S. Gilbert, Esq., Henry Irving, Esq., J. W. Jarvis, Esq., J. L. Toole, Esq., and Warren de la Rue, Esq. Mr. J. S. Wood acted as Showman, Mr. Fred. H. Cowen as Musical Showman, Messrs. Fred. Cox and B. C. Stephenson as Dramatic Showmen. The exhibition of relics was under the direction of Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Jarvis, while the tableaux were conducted by Miss Cowen and Messrs. Phil. Morris, John O'Connor, and Lionel Cowen.

The Albert Memorial Hall presented a rich and brilliant appearance on the opening of the Show. A model of Stratford Church occupied the centre of the stage, while immediately in front and in the centre of the Hall were stalls decorated to represent various scenes from the dramas and appropriated to the sale of articles given by benevolent persons. These stalls, tended by ladies and gentlemen in costume, were the central feature of the Show, and were arranged so as to be clearly seen by the spectators in the seats. Eleven plays were illustrated. Beginning at the left of the stage were, *As You Like It*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Macbeth*. The first, representing the Forest of Arden, was presided over by Mrs. Molesworth, who numbered among her assistants Lord and Lady Fitzwarine Chichester, Lady Clifford, and Lady Leith Buchanan. The second, representing the Garter Inn, served as the refreshment stand, and was under the direction of the Lady Brooke; while the third, representing the Cave and Cauldron Scene, was presided

over by the Lady Alfred Churchill and Lady Winnington.

The remaining scenes were arranged in a large oblong structure placed in the centre of the Hall and divided into eight stalls for the representation of as many different scenes. A street in London formed a background for a scene from *Richard III*, presided over by Mrs. Aveling, Mrs. A. W. Edis, Mrs. Fancourt Barnes, and Mrs. Wilson. In striking contrast to the heaviness of this was an exquisitely beautiful view in the Capulets' Garden, presided over by Mrs. Graham and Lady Fordeyce, the former taking the part of Lady Montague, the latter that of an attendant. The next stall contained a very elaborate tableau, arranged by George Edgar Hicks, Esq., representing *King John*, Scene i, Act III, "Before the Walls of Angiers." Her Highness, the Princess Hellen Randhir Singh, Mrs. Craigie, Captain Davis, and many other well-known people took part in this tableau. *Measure for Measure* occupied the next stall, with the Baroness von Bissing as stallholder, the scene selected being the City Gate of Vienna. Next came the *Winter's Tale*, represented by the Atrium in Paulina's House. Mrs. Coghlan McHardy, the stallholder, assumed the part of Hermione; Gilbert Smith, Esq., that of Florizel; Miss McHardy that of Perdita, and Mrs. French Noyes that of Paulina. Mrs. Frederick Cox and Lady Auckland were the stallholders of the next stall, appropriated to the *Merchant of Venice*, representing the Grand Square of Saint Mark. The characters presented included Portia, assumed by Miss Cox; Jessica, by Miss Isabel Langley; Antonio, by Albert Stopford, Esq.; Lorenzo, by W. Leslie, Esq., and Shylock, by E. Brockhurst, Esq. The Battlements of Elsinore was the scene selected from *Hamlet*, Miss Hornsby, the stallholder, representing Ophelia. Finally, there was *Much Ado About Nothing*, represented by Leonato's Garden, the character of Hero being assumed by the stallholder, Mrs. J. S. Wood.

These stalls, filled with ladies and gentlemen clothed in rich costumes remarkable for their accuracy, were the central features of the Show, but, at the same time, only one of its many attractions. A series of Shakespearian concerts was given each afternoon and evening by a number of artists and amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Cowen. Songs by Haydn, Schubert, Correlli, Sullivan, and Bishop were rendered by Miss De Fonblanque, Miss Hope Glen, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mme. Osborne Williams, Messrs. Joseph Maas, Bernard Lane, G. Thorpe, Lord Bennett, and many others. Besides these vocal concerts, there were instrumental ones—of popular airs, and having no reference to Shakespeare—given in the gallery by the band of the Second Life Guards. But even these were not deemed sufficient by the Showman, and a series of organ recitals was given by Mr. Augustus L. Tamplin on the great organ. As illustrations of Shakespearian music, however, these recitals cannot be regarded as successful, for they included only some half dozen selections—Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the scherzo from the same, Nicolai's overture to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, a fantasia on subjects from music to *Macbeth*, by Matthew Locke, Arne's Variations and Finale, "Where the Bee Sucks," and for the first time, the Grand March from *King John*, by Mr. Tamplin—that bore any connection with the dramas.

Beside the concerts, the tableaux under the direction of Miss Cowen, formed another special feature of the Show. The scenes selected were three (I, i; II, i, ii) from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, one (I, ii) from the *Tempest*, and one (III, i) from *Henry VIII*. Each scene illustrated was recited by Miss Cowen. A description of the Show would not be complete without mention of the "Extra Shows," "The Shy of the Show," "An Angel in the Avon," and "A Raffle Office," at which a splendid black and gold pianoforte, presented by Messrs. Collard & Collard, formed the chief attraction. Nor should the Show-Book Sellers be forgotten—sixteen ladies attired in the costumes of serving-maids of Shakespeare's time, who devoted themselves to the sale of the Show-Book, the Book of Fables—five hundred copies of which were presented by the author—raffle tickets and tickets for the various entertainments, to all of which, save Mr. Tamplin's recitals, an extra fee was charged.

But neither the stalls nor the tableaux, the concerts or the extra shows, were the most attractive part of this festival to the scholar and student or to the true lover of Shakespeare. For them the chief interest lay in a magnificent collection of relics and articles of Shakespearian interest, the most complete, perhaps, that has ever been shown. The collection comprised every possible object, from furniture used by Shakespeare himself, contemporary portraits and autographs, to pieces of wood from trees that he himself planted, and engravings of scenes from his dramas.

Dr. Frederick Dally loaned a small reading-table of oak, about twenty-seven inches high, having on its top—which was nearly square—the coat of arms and initial letters of William Shakespeare cut in old Lombardic capitals; it has four small folding leaves and four legs. This same gentleman also exhibited two old mullons or chest rails, of oak, having on the one *William Shakspear*, and on the other *Anne Shakspeare*, the final *e* of the first name being omitted because there was no space for it. The date of both these articles, the table and rails, is judged from the inscriptions to be about 1600. Mr. Rabone's brooch, an antique knocker from the old Stratford House, and Mr. John Durham's tobacco-stopper were the only other articles, save autographs, that can be said to have had a personal connection with Shakespeare himself. Of autographs, chiefly fac-similes, there was a large and interesting collection. There were copies of the Deed from Shakespeare and trustees to Henry Walker mortgaging the Blackfriars' Estate, 11th March, 1612-13, and of the entries in the Herald's College connected with the assignment of arms by Sir William Dethick (Garter) in 1596 to John Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, the poet's father. Then there was a very complete collection, exhibited by John Elliot Hodgkin, F. S. A., of books, papers, etc., illustrating the series of forgeries perpetrated by William Henry Ireland in 1795-6, including Samuel Ireland's Copy-Book, and the original proof, corrected for the press, of the announcement of "the discovery of the documents supposed to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare, made in good faith by Samuel Ireland." It is dated March 4th, 1795. Of still greater interest than any of these documents was the Bible, exhibited by Charles Canning, Esq., of Bristol, dated 1615, with Preface, 1578, and other matter formerly belonging to the Shakespeare family, and containing the signature of William Shakespeare and that of seven others of the family, variously dated.

Another interesting but very different series was that exhibited by Mr. Jarvis, of books containing early versions of the plots of the dramas. Here was to be found the original of the plots of *Othello* and *Measure for Measure* ["Gyraldi Cinthio (G. B.) Hecatommithi,

1565"]; of *Twelfth Night* ["Gl' Ingannati, Venetia. 1619," and "Gl' Inganni in Florenzia, 1615, Recitata in Milano l'anno 1547"]; of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* [Straparola. Notta. Venetia, 1608]; of the *Merchant of Venice* ["Memorable Conceits and Divers Noble and Famous Personages of Christendom, 1602," and "Alexander Silvayn's Orator," 1596]; of *Lear*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry VI*, *Cymbeline*, and *Julius Caesar* ["Mirror for Magistrates," 1586]; of *As You Like It* ["Euphues Golden Legacie," 1594-1623]; of *Troilus and Cressida* ["The Destruction of Troy"]; of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the story of Pyramus and Thisbe in *Midsummer Night's Dream* [Monte Mayor's (George de) "Sieti Libros de la Diana, con las Historias en vers de Alcida y Sylvana, 1580-81"]. The interest of Mr. Jarvis's collection, however, did not end here, but included a number of old and very scarce books relating to Shakespeare, early copies of the plays, one of Ireland's forgeries, a MS. draft of a portion of *Pericles*, differing materially from the present text, a fac-simile of Quincey's letter to Shakespeare, the only one known in existence, paintings in oil of places in Stratford, and of the Globe and Fortune Theatre, portraits of the poet, a number of memorial relics, and a large collection of Shakespearian views, scenes from the plays, etc.

While Mr. Jarvis only contributed four portraits, there were many others on exhibition, including several from the National Gallery. Three were of exceptional interest, never having been previously exhibited. One was loaned by B. Harris Cooper, Esq., another by Robert Breese, Esq., and the third by George Adam Burn, Esq. The first shows the poet with a high forehead, fresh complexion, light blue eyes, reddish brown hair, a slight mustache, but no beard. He wears a gold wire earring in his right ear, and is clothed in a black coat closely buttoned and plaited at the shoulders, with a broad square white collar. The portrait loaned by Mr. Breese represents him seated on a chair. He is dressed in brown, with white collar and cuffs; his hair is light-brown. His hands rest on a desk with books, folio, and papers; the left is gloved, while the right holds a pen, with which he is writing *The Merchant of Venice*, some letters of which are still visible. His face is turned three-quarters left from the desk, and represents him as about twenty-seven. The size of the canvas is 26x20 and it is supposed to be contemporary with him.

Another interesting series of pictures was formed of illustrations of scenes from the plays, views, etc. The most complete collection was that of Mr. Jarvis, but those loaned by others, though smaller, were even more interesting, from an artistic and historical standpoint. Especially was this the case with those loaned by the Rev. Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth. These consisted of three water-color drawings, and two fac-simile copper-plates engraved by Mr. Ebsworth himself, after Drollenies, and consisting of early representations of the theatre (Red Bull) with Shakespearian characters, and of Shakespeare, Jonson, Chapman, etc. Of the water-color drawings, one of Duncinann Hill, near Perth, was by Sir Francis Grose; another, an original study for a larger exhibited work, of "Lady Macbeth laying the daggers beside the sleeping grooms," by the late David Scott, R. S. A.; while the third was by Mr. Ebsworth, and was an original sketch—the first permitted—of the exhumation of the Roman Forum pavement under Garibaldi. Another valuable picture was an alleged Gainsborough—Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Scene iv, "I answer to that name [unmasking]. What is your will?"—loaned by Frederick Vincent Martin, Esq. Alexander Macmillan, Esq., exhibited a superb copy of the Second Folio con-

taining numerous original drawings by various artists of the last century, including six in color by William Blake, and an early Mulready.

The remainder of the exhibition consisted of a large and varied collection of memorial relics. There were pieces of Herne's Oak, from Windsor Great Park; a snuff-box turned out of the wood of the Stratford-on-Avon "One Elm" beneath which the Leet Courts were held in Shakespeare's time; a table made of wood from the "Gospel Elm," which for many years was a boundary tree of the borough of Stratford-on-Avon, and a tea-chest made of mulberry wood from the tree planted by Shakespeare himself. Here was

also Garrick's ribband and medal, struck for the jubilee, and Garrick's jubilee jug and pocket corkscrew, the latter in a sheath of the Shakespeare mulberry. Several pieces of rare Shakespearian china, and a few rubbings, models, etc., formed the remaining features of this most interesting exhibition.

In conclusion, too much praise cannot be given the management for the tact with which the entire Show was conducted, nor for the energy displayed in the attempt to make the festival complete. And especially is credit due the directors of the exhibition of relics for the bringing together of this unrivaled collection.

CLEMENT ST. CLEMENT.

Notes and Queries.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays, should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

(60). ON AN OCCASIONAL USAGE OF THE WORD "THOUGH" IN SHAKESPEARE.

IN the December number of SHAKESPERIANA a correspondent has a "Query" as to the meaning of a passage in *Twelfth Night*—"Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox." As I believe the explanation of this line depends on an occasionally peculiar use of the conjunction "though" by the poet, I have thought that a brief excursus on this idiomatic peculiarity may perhaps be both interesting and useful.

Over twenty years ago—*grande mortalis ovi spatium*—when I began to read Shakespeare with close and critical attention, I was beset—as what zealous student is not?—with verbal and textual difficulties on almost every page. My library was scanty; the "glossaries" in the two or three editions I owned gave studious explanations of what appeared intelligible enough, but what seemed to me real difficulties were provokingly omitted. In my distress I often took the liberty of asking assistance from honored and learned Shakespearian scholars; but for the most part I was met with the reply that the passage was difficult, probably corrupt, and that I would find the only attempt at an explanation in—well, some edition or commentary hopelessly beyond my reach.

Among my minor troubles were some ten or twelve passages, scattered throughout the Works, in all of which the conjunction "though" occurred, but which, if construed with this word's common acceptance, were inconsequential or totally unintelligible. For a little time these passages gave me a great deal of vexation. I got several of them together and studied them, text and context, again and again; and then it struck me that, instead of giving the conjunction its ordinary concessive sense of "notwithstanding," by giving it a causal signification, "being as it is," "inasmuch as it is," "because it is," or simply "because," the whole difficulty vanished. I need not say that in a large majority of places where "though" is used it has its common meaning; it is only here and there that the construction I speak of seems necessary, and as examples are the best illustrations, I will enumerate two or three, and others will occur to every one who reads the poet attentively.

In *Much Ado* II, i, Benedick, smarting under the

masked conversation he had just had with Beatrice, soliloquizes as follows:

"But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title, because it is the base, *though* bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the whole world into her person, and so gives me out."

What first attracted my attention to the word "though" in this passage was that in the Folio the words "though bitter" are in a parenthesis. Dr. Johnson's note is: "I do not understand how *base* and *bitter* are inconsistent, or why what is *bitter* should not be *base*. I believe we may safely read—'it is the base, *the bitter* disposition.'" Steevens says: "I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I once thought it unnecessary." And this reading, "the base, *the bitter*," is the text of Boswell-Malone's Variorum of 1821. Mr. Dyce, even in his third (and latest) edition, retaining "though," says: "I do not understand this; but I believe it was not questioned by any editor till the time of Johnson, who conjectured 'the base, *the bitter* disposition.'" W. S. Walker quotes the text as "the base, *the bitter*," and remarks, "I doubt." (*Crit. Exam.*, Vol. III, p. 30.) Now let us apply our key to it. Benedick says, "It is the base, *because* bitter, disposition of Beatrice that so gives me out;" "base, *being as it is* bitter," or "base, *inasmuch as it is* bitter." His self-love is terribly wounded by a lady he has a hankering love for. She has spoken of him basely, meanly, shamefully; still, he wants to find some apology for her conduct, as well as some salve for his own sore. Why should she treat me so basely? It is *because* her disposition is *bitter*; ay, that's it. She is base to me *because* her natural disposition is to be *satirical* or "bitter." Being masked, she had taken the opportunity of wreaking her powers of satire on him; and it is to Benedick's mind this disposition of hers to be *satirical* or "bitter" that makes her "base," *i. e.*, cowardly, mean, lying. "It is the base, *because* bitter, disposition of Beatrice that so proclaims me the prince's fool." Isn't this sufficiently plain? "Though," in this passage, to afford any good sense, must mean "inasmuch as," or "because."

Again, in *Timon of Athens* IV, iii, after Timon had run away from his house and "friends" in the city and taken refuge in the woods, he is visited by the meddle-

some cynic Apemantus, among others, who offers him food :

Apem. There's a medlar for thee ; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. And thou hadst hated meddlers sooner thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.

Here what possible sense can we give to Timon's reply that he hated a medlar, though it looked like Apemantus, if we attribute to "though" its ordinary concessive meaning of "notwithstanding"? But applying our key, and construing "though" as meaning "inasmuch as" or "since" or "because," we obtain a perfectly plain and intelligible meaning. Timon, quibbling on the name of the fruit offered him, and the meddler, busy, cynical disposition of his visitor, refuses the offer, and tells Apemantus that he hated the fruit, BECAUSE it looked like him.

Again, in *All's Well* IV, iii, where Bertram and his friends have got Parolles into their trap, blindfolded him, and are making him disclose his opinion of their several characters, very much to their amusement but sometimes to their intense disgust, he having said something more than usually biting and severe, probably because it was true, of "Captain Dumain," the stage-direction is, "First lord lifts up his hand in anger;" this "first lord," or "Captain Dumain," intending to take immediate, personal revenge on the poor, blindfolded braggart. Here Bertram says, "Nay, by your leave, hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls." Construing "though" in its usual acceptation of "notwithstanding that," Bertram's reason why they should hold their hands would be absurdly inconsequential and silly. But construing it as "inasmuch as," "for the reason that," we obtain an intelligible sense; there is no need that they should lose their temper or dirty their hands in his punishment; the next tile that falls will do the business. Don't you bother touching him, because the brains of such a scoundrel as he is are doomed to be knocked out by the first tile that drops from a housetop.

Once more: in *Twelfth Night* II, v, where Malvolio has just picked up and is reading Maria's decoy letter, and comes across the letters *M. O. A. I.*, and seems to stumble over making them fit his views of the case, he says:

"But what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble anything in me,—Softly!—*M. O. A. I.*"

Sir Toby. Oh, ay, make up that;—he is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. Sotter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Here again we must give to "though it be" the sense of "being as it is," in order to gain any consistent sense. We can imagine the merry conspirators watching the pompous, conceited ass, Malvolio, puzzling over the letter and trying to make the mysterious letters adapt themselves to his name. He is almost in despair over it; and when Sir Toby says, "Oh, ay, make up that;—he is now at a cold scent," they begin to fear the riddle is above him. But Fabian knows better; he knows what the fellow's conceit can accomplish; and he sings out, "Sotter [probably the name of some hound about the Lady Olivia's household], will cry upon't, for all this;" the scoundrel will strike the scent again in a minute or two and give mouth again; for why, the thing's as plain as day, the scent is as rank as a fox; Maria has made it all so palpable he cannot miss the catch if he wanted to, and he does not want to; hold on a minute, "Sotter will cry upon't for all this apparent blundering of his over it; he cannot miss it, BECAUSE it is as rank as a fox." And, sure enough, when Malvolio begins to smell it out, and give

tongue again: *M.*—Malvolio; *M.*—why, that begins my name," Fabian exultingly says, "Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults."

The next instance I shall mention differs slightly in its construction from those enumerated. In *Troilus and Cressida* II, ii, where Troilus and his brother Helenus, and old Priam, and his other sons, are disputing about giving Helena back to Menelaus:

Troilus. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

Helena. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him so!

Here the quibble between *reasons* and *raisins* will be noticed (a quibble quite common in Shakespeare), and the biting at them because so empty of them. But in this instance the reason, or the "because," implied in "though" agreeable to the examples before mentioned, is thrown forward to the next line. "No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons, you are so empty of them," means, therefore, "No wonder, then, that you should bite so sharply at reasons, because you are so empty of them."

For similar instances of inversion, or transposition in the construction, see Abbott's *Grammar*, sections 406 to 427, where they are quoted by the score; but the conjunction "though" retains its meaning of "because," or "inasmuch as," all the same. "Inasmuch as you are so empty of reasons, it is no wonder that you bite so sharply at them."

I have not time nor space to mention all the examples of this use of "though;" but will just refer to *Love's Labor Lost* II, i, 223, "My lips are no common, though several they be," where Mr. Keightley reads for "though" quite needlessly; *Othello* III, iii, 145; *As You Like It* V, ii, 78; *Cymbeline* I, iv, 73; and *As You Like It* II, vii, 55, "Doth very foolishly, although he smart." To understand the value of this construction of "although" in this passage it is necessary to study Dr. Ingleby's exposition of the whole sentence in his *Hermeneutics*, page 81. Then read W. Aldis Wright's note in reply to this in the Clarendon Press edition of *As You Like It*, pages 115, 116. Mr. Wright says: "Again, Dr. Ingleby's explanation would seem to require 'because he smarts,' instead of 'although he smart,' as showing how it is that the wise man's dissimulation is foolish or awkward." But (and proving Dr. Ingleby's view correct) "although," as I believe, does actually mean "because," in accordance and analogy with examples given above, as in the last scene of *The Merry Wives*, where Falstaff says: "I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced," both force and consistency are gained by this interpretation of "though." It is because they had aimed specially at him that the old sinner is glad their arrow had glanced, and that his misadventure had given Anne the opportunity of slipping through the fingers of both father and mother.

I will only add one or two further illustrations, where "though" is followed by "yet," and the construction is apt to be puzzling from being elliptical.

In *As You Like It* III, v, Rosalind, chiding Phebe for her scornful treatment of Silvius, says,—

"Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed),
Must you be, therefore proud and pitiless?"

Here the "no" before "beauty" has been omitted by some editors, and by others changed to "no," or "more," or "some;" but the old text is right; and the seeming want of connection in Rosalind's speech is only owing to misunderstanding the word "though." Rosalind intimates that it would be too much to expect that Phebe should be *beautiful* and at the same time free from pride and abounding in pity; but she argues, "inasmuch as ["though"] you possess *no beauty*, must you be, *therefore*, proud and pitiless?" Plain and homely as you are, one might surely look to find you clear of pride. Rosalind's question, "Must you be, *therefore*, proud and pitiless?" plainly implying the reverse.

In the same play (V, iii), where the two "pages," having sung their song to the clown—"It was a lover and his lass," etc., Touchstone says: "Truly, young gentleman, *though* there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable." Here, on account of the "first page" replying: "You are deceived, sir, we kept time; we lost not our time," it has been proposed to change "untunable" to *untimely*. Either word, however, may be correct, for they were almost, if not quite, synonymous in our poet's day, and in writing might easily be mistaken. In this sentence Touchstone uses exactly the same construction of "though" as that noticed in the last example. He says, in effect, it would be quite too much for one to expect "great matter" or *sense* in the words, and at the same time *good time* or tune in the music; but "inasmuch as ["though"] there was no great matter in the ditty," surely we had a right to look for a note that was reasonably tuneable, "yet the note was very untunable."

I will conclude with a precisely similar instance in *Coriolanus* I, i, where Menenius, speaking of the rabble, says:

"For *though* abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly."

To get the full meaning we must paraphrase: it were too much to expect from them discretion and courage

at the same time; but "inasmuch as ["though"] they abundantly lack discretion," one might have looked for courage; "yet are they passing cowardly."

The late Mr. Howard Staunton, to whom I communicated what I have here written, expressed his opinion in the most favorable manner regarding it, and regretted that he had not known it before he published his edition; and the Rev. Mr. Hudson, I observe, has adopted it throughout his "Harvard Edition." The only independent edition or commentary I have seen that has noticed this interpretation is that annotated by C. and M. C. Clarke. They plainly saw that some such explanation of "though" was necessary properly to understand these passages; and I was glad to find these excellent and judicious critics giving it the same solution that had occurred to me. The only objection that might be made to it is, that the verb, where there is one, is in the subjunctive mood: "I hate it, though it *look* like thee," where one would expect to find *looks*. But it is possible the printer made the mistake; if he supposed "though" always had its common hypothetical or concessive meaning, he would naturally print the verb in the subjunctive.

SENIOR.

(61). EDITORS SHAKESPEARIANA:—In *2 Henry IV*: V, v, when Pistol says, "Sweet Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm," and Silence says, "By'r lady I think 'a be but Goodman Puff of Barson," is not this a *sotto voce* sneer? as much as if Silence had said, "You may think him a great man, but in my opinion Falstaff is an old wind bag—puffed out with nothing but air"? I can't, I confess, make anything else out of it. But, if that is what it means, why does every editor print it with a comma between the *be* and the *but*—making it read "I think 'a be, but Goodman," etc., which is a purely meaningless line? Are typographical errors sacred because made by the compositors who worked on the First Folio (if the error comes from there, as to which I am not posted)?

APPLETON MORGAN.

The Drama.

A DREAM OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE most brilliant pageant that has been seen in America probably was that shown by the Order of the Cincinnati on the occasion of their second annual celebration on the seventeenth of September. The subject selected was "A Dream of Shakespeare," and was by far the most successful street exhibition of scenes from the dramas that has been attempted. Months of weary labor had been spent in preparation, but the evening of the appointed day found everything in readiness. Many of the streets through which the procession passed were brilliantly illuminated, and the red and green fires which were burned at many points along the route, together with the innumerable lights in the procession itself, aided in producing a scene of surprising beauty. A special building—the Pantheon—had been erected for the work of preparation, and the gigantic and gorgeously ornamented car of "Cincinnati" rolled from its door, preceded by the escort—lictors, eagle bearers, centurions, and decurions—

shortly after eight. Then in rapid succession came the wonderful Shakespearian Tableaux. The second car represented Prince Arthur Pleading for Mercy (*King John* IV, i), and was a room in Northampton Castle, with Arthur kneeling at the feet of Hubert, while the attendants stood near with cords and instruments of torture. The next car exhibited Lord Say before Jack Cade (from *2 King Henry VI*: IV, vii). A portion of Smithfield was shown, with Cade armed cap-a-pie on a charger, while George Bevis has just brought in the aged Lord Say. Car number four represented the Dream of Richard III on Bosworth Field (*Richard III*: V, iii). The King lay in agony on a couch beneath a crimson tent, while the ghosts of Prince Edward, Henry VI, Queen Anne, and the young Princes stood motionless beside him; beyond and before the tent some soldiers were gathered about a camp-fire. The next picture was the Battle of Agincourt (*King Henry V*: IV, v), and was a striking arrangement of that well-known event. In marked contrast with this scene was the Marriage of Romeo and Juliet in Friar Lau-

rence's Cell, but, even though the setting might be regarded as too elaborate and too open for a cell, its extreme beauty made one forget these incongruities.

The next car represented the Last Banquet of Timon of Athens (III, vi), and was an open pavilion of "gingerbread work" within which was visible the deserted table. One of the most realistic scenes displayed was that on the next car, the greeting of the Witches (*Macbeth* I, iii). A huge column of fire, entwined with reptiles, formed the central feature, from the top of which the witches uttered their salutes to Macbeth and Banquo, who are approaching on horseback. Car number nine bore the Castle at Elsinore, and represented the murder of Polonius (*Hamlet* III, iv). The next float, Lear deserted by his Daughters (III, ii), though very prettily arranged, was, unfortunately, little understood by the spectators. Then came a gorgeous representation of the Landing of Othello at Cyprus (*Othello* II, i), and, immediately following, the Murder of Desdemona (V, ii). The Death of Antony came next, followed by the Cave of Belarius (*Cymbeline* III, vi). The latter was the first scene represented in which no buildings were shown, and was very well done. The same, however, cannot be said of the next scene, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus (*Pericles* V, iii), which, though rich in effect, showed absolutely no regard for truth, and resembled rather a summer pavilion of a country resort than the temple of the great goddess. More successful, from an historical point of view, was the Combat between Achilles and Hector (*Troilus and Cressida* V, i), which followed.

The most elaborate scene represented, and the one which elicited more applause than any other, was the Home of Titania and Oberon (*A Midsummer Night's Dream* IV, i). The float was crowded with gnomes and elves, insects and flowers, and was most successfully carried out. In striking contrast to the life and brilliancy of this scene was the next, the Trial Scene from *The Merchant of Venice* (IV, i), which was one of the most subdued that appeared in the procession. Then came Vincentio defending Mariana and Isabella (*Measure for Measure* V, i), and the meeting of the two Dromios (*Comedy of Errors* V, v), both of which were well executed and well understood by the specta-

tors. The next tableau was a vivid representation of Falstaff being burned with tapers (*Merry Wives of Windsor* V, v), and the next, the Recovery of Hermione (*Winter's Tale* II, iii), though quiet, was equally successful. The Carnival, from *Twelfth Night*, which came next, was one of the most elaborate pictures in the procession, and the two scenes from *The Tempest* (I, ii), formed a fitting climax to this superb pageant. The first of these represented Caliban emerging from his cave, while the second, the last of the cars, pictured Prospero summoning the spirits of fire, water, and air. Below, in the wrecked ship, were Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, and Ferdinand, while Miranda with her father stood on a rock on one side, the latter summoning the spirits, who were seen emerging from the waves opposite them. The whole scene was one of marked beauty and was received with loud demonstrations of approval from the immense crowds that lined the streets through which the procession passed.

In every sense of the word the "Dream" was a success, and though faults might be found with the accuracy of many of the structures represented, the general effect was so good that one is forced to omit disparaging remarks. It certainly reflected much credit on the gentlemen who were interested in it and who were active in its arrangement. As a means of extending the influence of Shakespeare in the popular mind, it was of great value. It brought the possibilities of his dramas before thousands of persons in a way that they had never been before, and though the beauty of the language and the vividness of the thought were absent, yet these pictures could not but stimulate a craving for a more extended knowledge of the author's works. It is in this sense that such festivals as this appeal to the sympathies of the scholar and force him to forget the incongruities that are almost unavoidable in such displays.

Cincinnati deserves great praise for this successful pageant, and it is to be hoped that some of the public-minded citizens of other of our cities will secure its scenes and dresses for representation in their own cities, and thus bring before a much larger number of spectators this wonderful "Dream of Shakespeare."

L.

Reviews.

GLEANINGS FROM THE QUARTERLIES.

An article in the *Quarterly** for July on the three "In Memoriam" poems of Milton, Shelley, and Tennyson, includes a number of interesting comparisons between these poets and Shakespeare. Speaking of the resemblance of Tennyson to Dante, the writer finds them to have a marked ability to travel out of themselves, and thus continues to explain his meaning:

"When we say 'to travel out of himself,' let us not be misunderstood. We mean that the self-communing spirit is so strong in both that it prevents their ever being frank or taking the reader fully into their confidence. There is in both, either more or less, a sort of rigid, almost obstinate, reticence, far removed from egotism, but still so self-absorbing as to make us almost complain of a want of frankness of nature—the impulsive frankness of Shakespeare, for instance, or the free communion of Byron, who even pushes it to the extreme. Shakespeare never writes to please himself, but to

charm the spectator. He therefore moves completely out of himself for the time; but Dante and Tennyson, we fancy, have always an eye upon themselves as the 'audience fit though few.' This constitutes an obvious defect as regards comprehensiveness; for however great and stirring the theme may be, the man who will not consent to make the whole world kin will always have a narrower, though perhaps a more select, circle of admirers. It is in his serious efforts especially that Tennyson shows this characteristic faculty most; but we even fancy that the ring of *Locksley Hall*, the finest perhaps of all his minor efforts, was not primarily intended to echo very far beyond the reach of his own ear. It is the self-communing of the inner spirit, which has unconsciously allowed itself in an unguarded moment to break the bounds."

Extending his theme to the works of other poets, he says:

"The quality to which we refer is entirely absent from the muse of antiquity. It has no place whatever

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in Homer. He stands, as it were, on a high pedestal before the world and proclaims aloud his inspiration—in fact, he fits his inspiration to the wants and wishes of his audience rather than to his own choice or likings. Such a poet will ever possess a more universal sway over the human mind, and over all time, than those who are purely subjective. In the case of Shakespeare we have the two conditions occasionally intermixed; but as a general rule he gives forth his utterances, so to speak, oratorically, and as it were from a lofty stage with all humanity in full view before him. He is not self-absorbed, but liberal and expansive. The first instance we recognize of the high employment of this reflective quality in modern poetry is in Dante, the meaning of whose ‘mystic unfathomable song’ still remains in many of its parts a sealed book, even to critics of his own nation, who have formed different interpretations of his meaning. The question sometimes arises: Did Dante himself always fully comprehend the exact purport of his mutterings? This is a moot point; and for our part we incline to believe that the intense habit of self-communing tends, more or less, to mystification, and leaves behind either a doubtful or a double meaning. This must be regarded as an unquestionable defect, even in poetry. A poet’s thoughts should not be dark, but flash like a Pharos light upon the page—unmistakable, pregnant, overpowering, in their clear illumination. In their best form they should be like the impression given by a first love at first sight—the most vivid and irresistible that ever occurs, though after-converse may develop qualities that did not then strike us. The loveliness of that impression never recurs; for things of beauty are like flowers—they only bloom once, however they may afterward expand. So with the best effusions of the poet’s mind—we hold that the effect must be instantaneous. Where we hesitate to take in the idea or have to deliberate about the meaning, it evinces rather a want of power than a potency of the *mens divini*. Obscurity, therefore, must be regarded as an unquestionable defect in poetry; though there are certain minds—the German among others—which especially delight in unriddling the mysteries of subjective spirits. But the tendency is by no means confined to the Germans; for all Petrarch’s sonnets are full of the same characteristics—showing a quality which in truth almost degenerates into a trick; for while the author professes to unfold to us the inner man, in reality he is most reticent, and reserves for himself the full esoteric revelation. This, we think, is hardly fair, and, to make use of a French phrase, hardly consistent with *savoir vivre*. But Ariosto never sins on this score, and therefore we love the man. In Milton’s early effusions, such as *Comus* and *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, there is no trace of this quality; but the *Paradise Lost* abounds in meditative self-absorption—to such an extent that so good a critic as Dr. Johnson went so far as to pronounce it a somewhat dull book on the whole. He did not undertake to analyze the matter or to search for the cause; but we suspect it lies not so much in the nature of the subject as in the excess of the employment of the subjective faculty. Byron, as we have said, is by temperament and manner almost free from the charge, and where he indulges in it he has no concealments, but proclaims his subjectivity of thought with a loud voice to all mankind. Shelley is perhaps the frankest poet the world has ever seen. He is ashamed of no confession, either good or bad; hence sometimes we are delighted and sometimes shocked. But we may rely on it, those poets who can go out of themselves and consent to make the whole world kin, from Homer downward, are for eternity, and will always

hold the first place. We may profit much by overhearing the suppressed but fervent prayer of a good man on his knees; but assuredly we feel a higher sense of satisfaction—much more of the ‘*sursum corda*’—on receiving a benediction from the pulpit with uplifted hands in presence of a vast congregation of which we are permitted to form a part.”

He then takes up the influence of the Greeks upon their work.

“The leading characteristic in Milton’s *Lycidas* is his overflowing reminiscence of the classics and their happy adaptation to some of the incidents of his college-friend’s career; though we detect here and there the too nice search for gems, which, although choice in their way, do not come spontaneously, but are either more or less made use of as mosaic-work, and are the effect of study and reference. This disposition to borrow greatly developed with Milton in after time, when we find in some of his works almost literal translations from the Greek, or Greek imagery and allusions travestied. Of course, we never tire of being reminded of the existence of this magnificent mine of wealth, but we are still forced to remember that it is neither original nor is the working of it entirely Milton’s own. The man who most of all shook himself free from all indebtedness to classic sources, and even unconsciously rivaled them on their own ground, was Shakespeare, some of whose similes are truly Homeric; as where he describes Mercury ‘bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds’ and mortals falling back to gaze upon him; or where the same god displays his ineffable beauty of form when he suddenly lights upon ‘a heaven-kissing hill;’ or where he designates the inhabitants of Olympus as ‘the perpetual sober gods’—a phrase which is at once Homeric and Lucretian. Milton, however great his instinct of resorting to the sacred source, certainly never improved upon the classics; but, although the declaration may sound like heresy in the ears of scholars, we venture to affirm that Shakespeare hardly ever touched a classical allusion which he did not improve or beautify: and just as such Grecians as Gibbon could always read Pope’s *Homer* with pleasure and pronounce it to be an incomparable work, so the most recondite scholar in the world may take delight in the refreshing classicism evolved out of the seething imagination of the great dramatist. Milton is at best only one who gives us a gentle reminder of the richness of the ancient source, and no one does it better or more learnedly; but let us at least accord the praise where the praise is due. It is not overdone; but it adds nothing to his fame as a poet. Shelley, too, was classic in his way, and his handling of the translation of one of the pseudo-Homeric Hymns is a real masterpiece. But the classical allusions in his poetry generally are on the whole modest and unpretentious, and we would even wish to see more of them; but then his supreme faculty of transfiguration makes him wholly independent of all such imagery, and he has no difficulty in making a theogony for himself.”

Of more interest, perhaps, than these comparisons are those drawn between Mr. Browning and Shakespeare in the *British Quarterly** for the same month. The writer remarks how the classical drama was busied with the type, that of Shakespeare with the single life, but neither could be regarded as artistic works without “the intellectual instinct which has grouped them in due order around a central point, so as to form a ‘situation.’” After showing that Mr. Browning is the poet of reason, he proceeds:

“With Balzac, treating of the whole circle of exist-

ence, each novel was but a fragment to be completed only when the last page of the 'human comedy' was closed. With Shakespeare, glancing from heaven to earth in search of living things to love, each life, whole in itself, was set before us from the birth to the grave. With Sophocles, carving but one aspect of things, one day sufficed that we, like him, should 'see life steadily and whole;' the unities of time and place were no accident, but the inevitable outcome of the thoughts on which he fed. To Mr. Browning, dealing not with acts, with but the thought which gave them birth, one moment is enough to flash the truth upon us."

After discussing the situation involved in Mr. Browning's poems, the writer continues:

"In modern thought, ordinarily, the judgment-seat is transferred within the conscience of the agent, and set up before the action has passed the stage of premeditation; so it is most notably with Shakespeare; it is so also with George Eliot and Victor Hugo. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, forces the questioning back yet

a stage beyond this in the region of reflection; he drives self examination inward into the second and third circle of the hell or heaven which is the soul of men. The situation with him is torn from its seedplot in the hearts of the characters or agents that gave it birth, and transplanted into another and yet another ground, till, like the seeds which were fabled to float through the air of a tropical region, it becomes almost independent of material support or resting place; the germ of thought from which it sprang has become a mighty tree casting forth its branch into the river and its boughs into the great flood. The situation, which is the reflection of action into thought, is for that reason, and for that reason only, that which alone seems worth study to Mr. Browning."

As a critical estimate of Mr. Browning and as an attempt to fix his position in the world of letters, the article is of great value and interest, and well worth a more extended study.

Miscellany.

Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* was rendered three times during the last season in London.

Dr. Carl C. Hense has lately published at Halle, *Shakespeare: Untersuchungen und Studien*.

William Black's novel, *Judith Shakespeare*, is concluded in the November issue of *Harper's Magazine*.

J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq., has just issued a fourth edition of his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have issued a seven volume edition of *Shakespeare* in their "Leisure Hour Series."

Signor Luigi Mordudi has just published a volume entitled *Voltaire Contre Shakespeare, Baretti Contra Voltaire*.

Among the new works that M. Maurel proposes to produce in the coming season in Paris, is Salvayre's *Richard III*.

The new Court Street Theatre, formerly Wahle's Opera House, Buffalo, opened early in September with Margaret Mather as *Lady Macbeth*.

A copy of the Second Folio was recently sold in London for eighty five dollars, the Third Folio sixty dollars, and the Fourth forty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a new edition of the *Elizabethan Dramatists*, beginning with the works of Christopher Marlowe in three volumes, edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen. The works of Thomas Middleton will be the next in the collection.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett has been fulfilling a very successful engagement in San Francisco, appearing in *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. He now opens a six-weeks engagement in New York, and after visiting Philadelphia and the principal cities, will return to San Francisco for a short engagement, prior to his departure for Australia, where he is booked for one hundred performances. He will then go to London and prepare for Shakespearian revivals at the Lyceum with Mr. Irving.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, the lessee of the Princess Theatre, London, and the Grand Theatre, Hull, is about to produce *Hamlet* in a manner that is expected to exceed Mr. Irving's in many ways.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, has recently established two prizes *in memoriam* at Smith's College, Northampton, Mass., and Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., each being the interest on five hundred dollars. They will be known as the "Helen Kate Furness Prizes."

As president of the New Shakspeare Society, Mr. Browning has received notice from Melbourne that, since May last, two Shakespeare Societies have been founded there—one, the Melbourne University Shakespeare Society, numbering about ninety members, and the other, the Melbourne Shakespeare Society, which had one hundred and seventy-six members before it was six weeks old. Both are affiliated to the New Shakspeare Society of London. Professor Morris, of Lincoln College, Oxford, is the founder and president of the town society and director of the university one.

Considerable interest has recently been excited in England over the production of the greater part of *As You Like It* in an open field and wood in the grounds of Coombe House, near Wimbledon. The weather on the afternoons of the performances was not quite all that could be desired, but was not such as to mar the general effect. In criticising the actors, the *St. James Gazette* remarks: "The conditions under which the play was produced were necessarily somewhat trying, even to so competent a company of amateurs and actors as they got together for this occasion. Lady Archibald Campbell, who courageously essayed the role of Orlando, was picturesque and graceful, and certainly 'looked the part' remarkably well. Miss Calhoun made a most spirited and vivacious Rosalind, and Miss Fulton's Audrey was a performance of really remarkable skill. Mr. Hermann Vezin's exquisite elocution elicited frequent applause, though it was slightly interfered with by the rustling of leaves, the twittering of birds, and the other rural sounds, which were not the least charm of this interesting performance." This experiment contains a thoughtful suggestion for the consideration of amateurs in America.

JUDGE FLANDERS, OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Joseph R. Flanders enjoys the eminent distinction of being one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. Born and brought up in Malone, Franklin County, on the edge of the Adirondack region, he early devoted himself to the practice of law, and took an active part in the politics of the State. He was for years Judge in Franklin County, and he served with distinguished ability several terms in the Legislature of New York. He was for a long time in partnership, in the practice of law, with the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, who was Vice-President of the United States during the Presidency of Mr. Hayes. Judge Flanders was a member of the famous Committee appointed about thirty years ago to revise the Constitution of the State of New York. He always has been a staunch and fearless advocate of temperance reform and of purity in political affairs. During the controversy which led to the war he was conspicuous for his consistent and forcible advocacy of "State rights," always taking the ground of the statesman and jurist, and not affiliating with the demagogues or noisy political charlatans on either side.

In his present appearance Judge Flanders' countenance gives no indication of the remarkable physical experience through which he has passed. No one would suppose, from seeing him busily at work in his law office, a cheerful, hearty, and well-preserved elderly gentleman, that he was for many years a great sufferer and that his emancipation from slavery to severe disease was a matter of only recent date. But even so it is. Visiting him a few days ago in his well-appointed law offices in "Temple Court," says a reporter for the press, which is one of the new twelve-story office buildings of the Metropolis, we found him disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete restoration to health. The information which he communicated in regard to this extraordinary case was substantially as follows:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and the dyspepsia consequent upon it. My health was not at any time since I was twenty-one years of age vigorous, although by persistent and close application I have been able in most of the years to perform a large amount of work in my profession. Gradually declined into a state of physical and nervous prostration, in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had entirely departed. That summer I went to Saratoga, and took a variety of the waters, under the direction of one of the resident physicians. But instead of receiving any benefit I grew weaker and more miserable all the time I was there.

"In September I returned to New York in a very reduced state. I was incapable of work and hardly able to leave the house. Soon after my return I suffered a violent chill, which prostrated me to the last degree. But under medical treatment I gradually rallied, so that in the course of the winter and spring I managed to do a little work at my office in my profession. During this time, however, I was subject to frequent fits of prostration, which kept me, for days and weeks at a time, in the house.

"So I kept on until the summer of 1882. I tried a variety of medicaments, which kind friends recommended, and was under the care of several physicians from time to time. In the latter part of the summer I went to Thousand Islands, where I stayed several weeks with friends. But I found the atmosphere did not agree with me. Soon I had a chill; not a severe one, yet in my state it added to my weakness and discomfort. Several days after this I had another chill, which totally prostrated me.

"As soon after this as I was able to travel, I went to Malone, my old Franklin County home, intending to stay for awhile among my relations and friends and to consult my old family physician. But I found that he was away in the White Mountains with Vice-President Wheeler, my old friend and former law partner. They did not return to Malone until three days before I left there. Of course, I consulted the physician. He neither said nor did much for me. I came away, feel-

ing that the battle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw Mr. Wheeler in New York he told me that the Doctor had said to him that he never expected again to see me alive. When I arrived at home in September, it was in a state of such exhaustion that I was unable to leave home except on mild days, and then only to walk slowly a block or two.

"Meanwhile my son, who had been in Massachusetts made the acquaintance of a country postmaster in that State, an elderly gentleman, whose prostration seemed to have been as great as my own, or nearly so. This gentleman had been taking the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and had received from it the most surprising advantage. My son wrote frequently, and urged that I should try this Treatment. But I had lost all faith in remedies. I had tried many things, and had no energy to try any more. But in September my son came to New York, and persuaded me to visit Dr. Turner, who is in charge of Drs. Starkey & Palen's office in New York for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. My going there was not because I had any faith in this Treatment, but to gratify my son's kind importunity. When Dr. Turner examined my case he thought I was so far gone that he hardly dared to express the faintest hope.

"On the seventh of October I commenced taking the Treatment. To my great surprise I began to feel better within a week. In a month I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office regularly except in bad weather. On the nineteenth of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a complicated case, promising to give much trouble and to require very close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it and to do a little work. One complication after another arose. I kept working at it all winter and into the spring. For three months this case required as continuous thought and labor as I had ever bestowed on any case in all my legal experience. Yet under the constant pressure and anxiety I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time. In the spring, to my astonishment and to that of my friends, I was as fit as ever for hard work and close application.

"My present health is such that I can without hardship or undue exertion attend to the business of my profession as of old. I am regularly at my office in all kinds of weather, except the exceedingly stormy, and even then it is seldom that I am housed. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire.

"A remarkable feature of my case is the hopelessness with which Dr. Starkey viewed it at the outset. It was not brought to his personal attention until after, in Dr. Turner's care, I had begun the Treatment. Then my son wrote to him, setting forth my condition, and asking him to interest himself individually in endeavors for my benefit. Dr. Starkey replied that he had carefully examined the case as set before him, and that there was evidently nothing that could be done. He saw no possible chance of my being made better, and doubted if I could even be made more comfortable. 'I am very sorry,' he wrote, 'to give such a hopeless prognosis, but conscientiously I can give no other.' What would Dr. Starkey have said had he then been assured that in less than a year from the time of his writing I should be thoroughly restored to as good health as ever, and be able to attend regularly to the arduous duties of my profession?

"Do I still continue to take the Treatment? No; not regularly, for my system is in such condition that I do not need it. Once in awhile, if I happen to take cold, I resort to the Treatment for a few days and with certain and beneficial effect.

"My confidence in the restorative power of Compound Oxygen is complete, as also is in the ability and integrity of Drs. Starkey & Palen, otherwise I should not allow my name to be used in this connection. I have thus freely made mention of the history of my case as a duty I owe of rendering possible service to some who may be as greatly in need of physical recuperation as I was."

From the above it would seem that even the most despondent invalids and those whose condition has been supposed to be beyond remedy, may take courage and be of good cheer. For the most ample details in regard to Compound Oxygen, reference should be made to the pamphlet issued by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. On application by mail, this pamphlet will be sent to any address.

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